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AN ORATION

DELIVERED BY THE

HON. JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER,

PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IN

YORK, MAINE,

ON THE

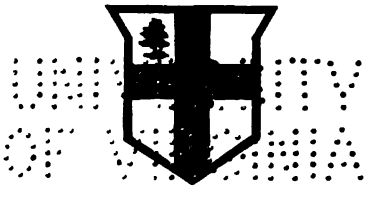
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Town,

TOGETHER WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF YORK AND A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THIS ANNIVERSARY,

WITH A

COMPLETE INDEX OF NAMES AND HISTORIC EVENTS

AUGUST 5, 1902



PUBLISHED BY THE OLD YORK HISTORICAL AND IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY, YORK, MAINE

1904

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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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FIRST PARISH MEETING-HOUSE; OLD COURTHOUSE; OLD BURYING GROUND.

Officers

OF THE

Old York Historical and Improvement Society,

For the Year 1893-4.

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Announcement

The Board of Directors of the Old York Historical and Improvement Society appointed, at a meeting held in September, 1902, a committee, consisting of the Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D., President of the Society, Frank D. Marshall, Esq., of Portland, and Miss Ellen Dennett, of York, to publish the oration of the Hon. James P. Baxter delivered at the recent Anniversary Celebration, together with a brief history of the Town of York, and an account in detail of the celebration, on August 5th, of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the organization of the Town of York. Mr. Marshall in preparing the historical account has drawn largely from the valuable records compiled by his grandfather, the late Hon. Nathaniel G. Marshall; Miss Dennett has rendered valuable aid through her accurate knowledge of biographical and personal details. The committee are indebted to the officers and speakers at the celebration for the kindly furnished photographs and abstracts of remarks; and for generous aid in publication given by the Selectmen of York, by Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, and by Mr. Walter M. Smith. It is hoped that the volume will prove a contribution of value to our local history, and a pleasant souvenir for those who participated in the celebration which it commemorates.

FRANK SEWALL.

COVENTRY HALL, August 31, 1903.

Preface

The purpose of this little volume is to preserve in lasting form the events in the observance of the two hundred and fiftieth year of the incorporation of the Town of York, Maine. Besides the anniversary oration of the Hon. James P. Baxter, the editing committee has also inserted an article, which is simply intended to mark certain cardinal points in the town's history, in order that those who are not familiar with it may gain the general information necessary to an appreciation of the events celebrated on August 3rd and 5th, 1902.

The commemoration exercises were fittingly begun on Sunday evening, August 3rd, by a union service held in the old First Parish meeting-house. A congregation which completely filled the church listened to the impressive exercises. "Early Religious Life and Customs" was the subject of the address to be delivered by Rev. Elihu Snow. Unfortunately Mr. Snow could not be present, and the Rev. Mr. Perkins read the paper. Mr. Snow most instructively told of the peculiar and hard conditions under which our forefathers worshipped God. He praised the piety and simple faith of the godly men of early New England days; and, while thankful for the reasonable liberality and unity which the years have developed, he regretted the loss of much which characterized these men. Rev. Mr. Abbott, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Rev. Mr. Goss, of the Christian church, sketched the beginning and development of their respective denominations. Although both churches are now approaching a hundred years of life, and both, from their inception to the present, have numbered within their fold

their full proportion of the men and women who have served well the town, yet necessarily neither denomination as a body corporate had those close relations with the old municipality of York which the First Parish (Congregational) possessed, dating its existence back to the year 1662. The Rev. Sidney K. Perkins told of the Congregational churches of York, and of their pastors. His paper appears in full in this volume. An interesting feature of this service was the singing of the favorite hymns and anthems of the olden time, including "Strike the Cymbal" and "Jerusalem, My Happy Home." The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D., of Washington, D. C., ancestrally connected with Shubael Dummer, the first pastor of the parish of York, who was massacred by the Indians in 1692.

Tuesday, August 5th, was announced by the firing of a sunrise salute from the old Palo Alto cannon, and by the ringing of the church bells. At ten o'clock the procession was formed, consisting of United States Marines; the historical tableaux on floats; the York Volunteer Fire Company, created a military organization for the occasion and authorized to bear arms by courtesy of His Excellency, John F. Hill, Governor of Maine, costumed and representing Captain Johnson Moulton's Company of Volunteers, 1775; the floral and trades floats, and the school children of York, in all forming a procession of more than half a mile in length.

Hotels, private residences, and stores along the route of the procession, and as far as York Corner, were appropriately, and in many instances elaborately, decorated with flags and bunting, amid which could frequently be discerned the restored first ensign of New England, showing the red cross and the pine tree. Few, indeed, were the buildings along

the four miles of highway traversed which did not have some bit of color in honor of the day.

The route of the procession was from York Beach to York Harbor; thence to the village. The historical part of the pageant alone required the appropriate costuming of a hundred individuals, from King's courtiers and Colonial officers, in full regimentals, to sombre Puritans. The general excellence of the whole parade was the result of much labor by the committee having it in charge, together with the willingness of the many participants to expend time and money in preparation.

On this day was hoisted over the Old Jail the flag designed after the ancient flag of New England, bearing the red cross and the pine tree. The original design bore in the centre of the cross the monogram of the crown, with the letters J. R. for Jacobus Rex. The drawing is from authentic records in the British State Paper Office in London, and the design, with the King James II monogram restored, appears on the title page of this volume. This flag, together with the large American flag on the main flagstaff of the building, were the generous gifts, in honor of the day, of Mr. Walter M. Smith, the President of the Old York Historical and Improvement Society.

In the early afternoon there gathered around the old Courthouse on the village green, in the clear, bracing air of a perfect August day, an assemblage numbering into the thousands. It represented not only all that is best in an old and thrifty New England community, but also many hundreds of summer residents coming from every section of the Union. Upon the platform erected in the shade of the old building was grouped as distinguished a gathering of men as perhaps

THE OLD JAIL—1653.

ever came together, in this generation at least, for a like occasion in any New England town. Here were spoken the last public words of Thomas B. Reed. Almost unannounced he quietly came among his friends, those who were his official, professional and social associates in Washington and in New York, and those who for so many years were proud of him as their representative from the old First District of Maine. He spoke only too briefly—a characteristic, humorous excuse for what he termed an intrusion; an allusion to his friend the great humorist, which was later to arouse and turn the wit of Mr. Clemens upon Mr. Reed, and then a few comprehensive words of almost unwonted soberness upon the nobility and responsibilities of citizenship. Exact words may be forgotten, but their import must remain fresh in the minds of scores of listeners.

The memorable day closed with an aerial display of fireworks and a water carnival on Lake Gorges. The heavy clouds which overhung the water reflected the hundreds of vari-colored lights and rendered the display doubly attractive to the hundreds of spectators who gathered upon the shore and along the old mill dam.

This commemoration day, so singularly beautiful, and, to quote the words there delivered by the distinguished educator, "uncovering the human side of this old town which in its quality and tone matches so well its setting in sea and sky," cannot but have enduring influence for good in the community, stimulating a healthy pride in this old municipality which has a beginning unique in American history, and which has held an honorable place among the old New England towns for two and a half centuries.

FRANK D. MARSHALL.

The Flag of Massachusetts Bay Colony

Mr. Barbour Lathrop has kindly furnished the Old York Historical and Improvement Society with the result of his researches in relation to the earliest flag of New England as follows:

"The first mention I could find of a special flag for the New England Colonies was copied from documents in the British State Paper Office, which is given with a drawing of the flag.

"It says: 'The New England ensign in 1686 was a white ground with broad red cross and a golden crown over a golden monogram.' My rude copy of the letters is this, (J. R.). The flag was something like this. (Here is given a drawing corresponding to the design on the cover of this book.)

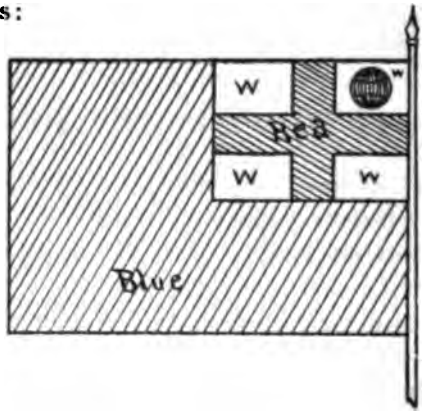
"In 1704, and again in 1705, mention is made of 'the ensign of New England' as follows:

"'A red ground with a jack of white ground with a red cross' (as above) 'and a half globe in upper pole square of white.'

"Preble, in his 'History of the Flag of the United States,' says: 'This was undoubtedly the earliest symbol of a union of the colonies.'

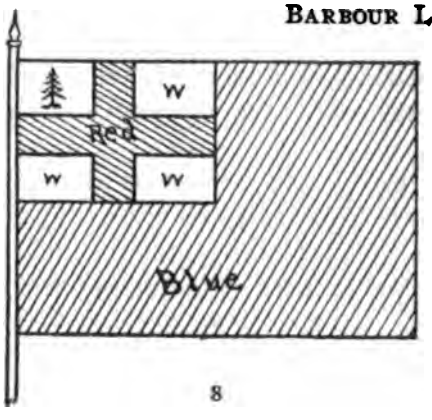
"In 1737 a French book upon flags of different countries gives a picture of 'The New England ensign,' with the design the same as the one mentioned above, with a change

of color for the ground, to blue, and a full globe instead of a half one, thus:



"A pine tree was a favorite emblem of Massachusetts, and was used on coins minted as early as 1652. This pine tree, represented in green, replaced the globe of the jack of the New England ensign at some unknown date. But it was the flag flown over the American breastworks at the battle of Bunker Hill, as proved by credible eyewitnesses. The pine tree was green. With apologies for untutored drawing,

BARBOUR LATHROP."



Hon. James S. P[illegible]
Portland, Me.

HON. JAMES P. BAXTER,
Portland, Maine.

Agamenticus, Bristol, Gorgeana, York.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF YORK, AUGUST 5TH, 1902.

By JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.

Two hundred and fifty years ago a town was born. Today we greet it. It was born amid confusion and tumult; it lives in peace and prosperity. Two hundred and fifty years is but a fleeting moment on the dial of time; but with us, children of men, it comprises many generations and involves the precious experiences of many human lives. We regard such antiquity with respect; we bow to it with reverence. We go back and with the eye of imagination look upon it as it was in the beginning; primeval forests frowning upon the shores of an eternal sea; wild glades tracked only by savage man and savage beast; skies blue and bright as now, brooding over vast solitudes, whose silence seemingly is never to be broken by the restless spirit of achievement. Such was this scene upon which we look today not long anterior to the natal day of the Town of York. But ambitious souls, with the quickened vision of seers, had pierced the mists of the great ocean, unexplored and unknown, which hid from common sight the western world. Cabot had set foot on the for-

bidding shores of Labrador; Cartier had mingled with the strange men of Hochelaga; Popham had knelt with Christian devotion beneath the ancient oak of Sabino, and Smith, after adventurous voyages along the perilous shores of North Virginia, had returned to England to tell to eager listeners of the delectable country to which he gave the name of New England, entitled by a later writer the New English Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey. Among the earliest who had taken an interest in western colonization was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, related through the Champernouns to Gilbert and Raleigh, who had won distinction in England's wars with Spain, and was anxious to see English power established in the New World, which Spain and France, unloved by loyal Englishmen, were regarding with greedy eyes. He was interested in the Great Charter of James, and in the voyages of Pring, Popham, Dermer, Rowcroft and others, to these shores, and for his persistent efforts to colonize them has been happily denominated the Father of American Colonization. In this man the Town of York is particularly interested, since it was his dream to make here a great city, the chosen seat of governmental, religious and commercial power, which was to dominate his Province of Maine. Just when the pioneer settler erected his cabin upon the wild banks of the "Organug," now the York river, no record reveals, nor may we ever know his name. For a long time before the history of this region begins, waifs from many lands, rough fishermen, covetous adventurers, and social outcasts of all kinds, scattered here and there along the sea coast and contiguous river banks, living as best they could upon the spoil of sea and wood, and disappeared leaving no vestige of their lives behind.

"Lost 'mid the shadows of the eternal past
Which thought explores in vain."

No part of the coast of Maine offered greater attractions for such waifs than this, and knowing that a century before the date of the birth of York, scores of vessels annually visited the more inhospitable coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, we may properly believe that these shores so alluring and profitable were visited and occupied at the same period. Yet it is not until 1639, the year of the date of Gorges' Charter of the Province of Maine, that the history of this region really becomes distinct. There were many settlers here at that time, some who had come over seas to fish and had concluded to remain in the country to pursue their vocation; some, who desiring to obtain land for husbandry, had emigrated from the older colony of Massachusetts Bay, and others who had probably wandered hither without any well defined purpose. These formed a heterogeneous population of ill assorted elements, and being without any real order of government, were turbulent and disorderly. Such was the condition of affairs when Sir Ferdinando was awarded his charter of the Province for which he had labored for many years, and assumed financial burdens. This charter merits one consideration, inasmuch as it confers almost regal power upon the grantee; indeed, in the history of American charters it may be regarded as unique. Permit me to briefly outline some of its extraordinary features. The grantee was empowered to build, dedicate and consecrate churches according to the laws ecclesiastical of England, and to control the patronage of all churches in the established Province, and further, he was endowed with all the rights, privileges, and prerogatives which the Bishop of Durham, one of the most

powerful bishops in England, could exercise in his bishopric. Thus the entire ecclesiastical machinery of the Province was entrusted to the guidance of one man. But this, extraordinary as it may seem, is but a part of this remarkable instrument. By it the grantee was given full power to pardon offenders against the laws of the Province; to raise and maintain troops to enforce his power and to execute martial law upon those who resisted his authority. It would indeed be difficult to frame a charter conferring larger powers upon an individual than this charter conferred upon Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Having accomplished what he himself tells us he had been laboring for under a burden of trouble and at great expense during forty years of the best portion of his life, which, it is well to notice, carries us back to the year 1599 as the initial point of his interest in American colonization, he proceeded to develop his scheme of government. The plan adopted was fashioned after Saxon models, which had existed in England from remote times. First he divided the Province into eight bailiwicks, and these into "sixteen several hundreds," subdividing the latter into "parishes and tithings as people did increase."

A board of councillors was then formed consisting of Sir Thomas Josselyn; Richard Vines, the founder of Biddeford; Francis Champernoun, the nephew of Gorges; Henry Josselyn, then residing at Black Point; Richard Bonython, the founder of Saco; William Hooke and Edward Godfrey. Subsequently he substituted in place of Sir Thomas Josselyn his cousin, Thomas Gorges, a young barrister, whom he made his deputy governor and entrusted with the office of Secretary and Keeper of the Province Seal. His "Ordinances for the better government" of Maine provided for a chancellor for

determining rights of property; a treasurer for the receipt of the public revenue; a marshal of militia; a judge, marshal, and officers of the marshal's court; an admiral with his lieutenant, or judge, to determine maritime causes; a master of the ordnance, whose office it was to take charge of the public stores belonging to the militia for sea and land, and a secretary for the service of the Governor and Council. To his councillors were added eight deputies, to be elected by the freeholders of the several counties, as councillors for the state of the country, who were authorized to sit in the courts, established in the Province, "and to be assistants to the presidents thereof, and to give opinions according to justice." As though to deprive settlers of the last shred of liberty, no sale of land was valid unless the consent of the council was first procured. What a door was here opened for abuse! But we must remember that this was in the closing years of the reign of Charles the First, when royal power was attaining its climax, and royal disregard of the rights of the people was preparing the way for revolution, as it subsequently did with such terrible results in France. But I must not burden you with further details of the elaborate scheme devised by Sir Ferdinando for the government of Maine, but proceed to review events which followed the setting up of his governmental machinery. The initial act of the new government was the establishment of a court at Saco on the 25th of June, 1640, which was declared to be for the preservation of justice throughout the Province. Owing to the lawless condition of affairs which had prevailed in the Province promotive of disputes and misunderstandings among the settlers, the court found plenty of business to occupy it. In due time, the deputy governor, Thomas Gorges, arrived in the Province.

Very wisely he had stopped on the way to make the acquaintance of the Massachusetts magistrates, and to ask their advice relative to the best methods of procedure to be adopted in setting his government in motion. In this he had been so successful as to secure the commendation of Winthrop, which speaks well for his diplomacy. He had been informed before leaving home, and without doubt correctly, that Massachusetts, through her agents in London, was attempting to persuade the king to hinder his designs as she was apprehensive that he might be employed to regulate her own affairs; besides, he knew that many of the settlers in Maine were calling upon Massachusetts to establish order in Maine, "as if," Sir Ferdinando somewhat impatiently says, "they alone were the supreme lords of that part of the world." It must, therefore, have been with considerable satisfaction that he departed from Boston with the consciousness of having secured a good understanding with Governor Winthrop. He was met upon his arrival at Bristol, the name which had supplanted that of Agamenticus, with a severe disappointment. A mansion, large and imposing for the time and place, had been erected for him on the bank of the Organug and furnished in a style befitting the dignity of the expected governor, but, owing to the prevalent lawlessness, had been nearly dispoiled of its belongings so that he found himself on his arrival with little to conduce to his comfort. The political affairs of the settlement he found controlled by a dissolute man, who, under the garb of a preacher, was exercising a baneful authority over the people. Him he promptly arrested, and, obtaining an execution against him, succeeded in driving him from the country. His government was now in fairly successful operation and Thomas Gorges was anticipating a long continu-

ance of profitable authority. His administration of affairs was generally satisfactory, and there seemed to be no good reason to apprehend disaster. Let us pause and consider the conditions existing at this moment in New England. Here were two contiguous governments, that of Winthrop on the one hand and that of Gorges on the other, founded upon principles wholly irreconcilable, which had long been in conflict on English soil, and were soon to be tested by the shock of arms. Massachusetts, in spirit certainly, if not always in practice, was a government of the people, for the people and by the people, while that of Gorges was of the lord proprietor, by the lord proprietor and for the lord proprietor. Which, we may well ask, would be most likely to flourish among such a people as had sought the New English Canaan in order to be free from the trammels of aristocratic power? Even then it would have required no prophet to foretell the result, and yet Gorges in the seclusion of his closet was shaping magnificent schemes for the future development of his Province, and watching with satisfaction the successful inauguration of his distant government. Apparently he needed nothing but money to bring his plans to speedy fruition, but he had influential friends, and owing to a wide spread discontent among the masses, emigration to New England was rapidly increasing and this would ensure him financial support; besides, he had good reason to expect royal aid when he could show his new Province to the world in all the splendor with which its future had been pictured to his imagination. But England's government itself, based upon the same principles upon which he was complacently building, had long been threatened with disruption, and suddenly the Great Rebellion, which had smouldered unnoticed, save for occa-

sional rumblings, which had attracted but momentary attention, burst forth, carrying terror and destruction throughout the realm. Summoned to judgment royalty arose from its throne to meet the rage of a long suffering and outraged people who forthwith seized upon Wentworth, a man of noble powers, but one of the royal instruments of oppression, and dragging him to Westminster Hall tried him for his life before the eyes of the king and queen, and, while doing so, regardless of that "Divinity which doth hedge a king," they munched their vulgar food, and guzzled their vile beer from upturned bottles in the royal presence, as if kings and queens were but of common clay; aye, and heedless of royal entreaty as well as of justice, they cut off Wentworth's head. The scene of this trial is worthy of the French Revolution, and the description of a Carlisle. Not content with the punishment to Wentworth they seized upon the sacred person of Archbishop Laud and threw him into a dungeon from which he finally went to the scaffold, while Prynne and other popular favorites were taken from prison and given a royal reception by the London populace. They even forced the judges, who had truckled to the royal will, to pay heavy fines which were used to aid the popular cause. England had entered upon a reign of terror, and the friends of Gorges, upon whom he counted for assistance toward his colonial enterprise, fled the country, or were helpless; yet, undismayed, confident in the stability of the divine right of kings, the old man continued to amuse himself with the puppets of viceregal authority. Resolving to make Agamenticus the seat of power in his Province of Maine, he erected it into a borough, exempting and freeing "His Majesties liege people" therein from the power and command of any governors in the Province "other

YORK HARBOR—A PART OF OLD GORGEANA.

than in calling them as assistants" to repel invasion and suppress rebellion. The especial privilege of electing a mayor and board of eight aldermen was conferred upon the inhabitants of the favored city. This board was empowered to make ordinances for the government of the borough, to hold courts and erect fortifications for public protection. The charter bestowing these privileges upon the people of Agamenticus was dated April 10th, 1641,* and on the first of the following March, he had elaborated a still grander scheme for Agamenticus upon which he now bestowed a new name, Gorgeana. The borough, which was a town corporate usually governed by a bailiff appointed by the lord-grantor of the borough charter in connection with a house of burgesses, he advanced to the dignity of a city, by which it might appropriately become the seat of a bishop, and gave it a territorial extent of twenty-one miles.

Starting with the assertion that he was the absolute lord of the province, and had through God's assistance "settled the said province and inhabitants thereof in a hopeful way of government," and desiring "to further and advance the same," he provided for a municipal government, comprising a mayor, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four councilmen, to be annually chosen, and, also, for a recorder and town clerk. Two courts were appointed, one called a "Courtleet or Lawday," to be held twice every year, "within a month of the Feasts of Easter or Michælmas, for the good government and weal public of the said corporation, and for the punishing of all offenders, the same to be kept by the recorder for the time being, and the fines, payments, and amercements from time to time to be to the use of the said mayor of the said town for

*New style.

the time being forever." The other court was "to be held upon Monday of every week forever, and the proceedings to be according, or as near as may be, to the court of his Majesty's Court of Chancery at Westminister, wherein the mayor for the time being to sit as judge with the recorder and aldermen, and the town clerk to be clerk and minister of said court." From this court appeal could be taken to the Lord Proprietor or his deputy, if entered within four days after the decree of the court. There were also to be "two or four sergeants to attend on the said mayor," who should be "called forever sergeants of the white rod." These were to be "elected and chosen by the mayor and aldermen," whereof the mayor "was to have a double voice." To the "mayor and commonality" was granted a corporate seal, and, as in the former charter, they were empowered to erect fortifications for the public defence. I have given as briefly as possible an outline of the Charter of Gorgeana, which provided for a government comprising forty-three officials, probably more than half the number of male inhabitants. It is to be especially noticed in this charter that Sir Ferdinando, who was a zealous churchman, had made Gorgeana appropriate for an episcopal residence according to the English model, hence his intention to make it a bishopric becomes clear. This intention exactly accorded with the royal order as expressed in his charter which was to settle "*The religion now possessed in the Church of England and ecclesiastical government now used in the same, with as much convenient speed as may be.*" Massachusetts must have observed this with apprehension and dislike, as it ran directly counter to her own policy. Adopting Sir Ferdinando's point of view we can better understand the calm assurance with which he contin-

ued to elaborate his schemes of government at this alarming juncture. Confidently expecting a speedy re-establishment of royal power in the kingdom, he was simply arranging affairs to take advantage of it. It was plain that with the restoration of royal authority, emigration, which had been for several years active in England, would receive a fresh impulse, and where hundreds had fled the country to escape the rigid rule of king and bishop, thousands upon the re-establishment of that rule, triumphant in the vindication of its asserted rights, would turn to the New World for refuge. Why might not he, the loyal servant of the king and church, by exercising the authority with which he was invested, turn this vast stream of emigration into his Province of Maine, and make Gorgeana the metropolis of New England? With his faith in the right divine of kingly rule this was no idle dream; indeed, it was one which he might well regard as possible of accomplishment. But we know how faulty were the premises upon which his calculations were based. No sooner had the tocsin of revolution sounded, than the stream of emigration, which had for some time been setting toward the New World in an ever widening flood bearing much of the best blood of England, stopped as though it had been arrested in its course by the hand of divine power. Men saw as though a flash of light had suddenly revealed it in the long prevailing gloom, a possible pathway to freedom at home. Why then should they face the perils of the sea and the hardships of life in a savage land when the jewel they sought might be found and enjoyed by their own firesides? Ship-owners, who had been doing a prosperous business in transporting emigrants to New England, saw their ships swing idly at their anchors, while they sat in their counting-

houses with gloomy faces waiting for passengers who never came. But misfortunes ever hunt in company, and while these events so threatening to his fortunes were transpiring at home, his colonial possessions were menaced by unexpected dangers. A pernicious rival was actively but quietly at work undermining the very structure upon which he was building his airy fabric of government. This rival was the restless and ambitious George Cleeve, to whom he had whilom granted a patent to the peninsula upon which Portland now stands, subsequently called Portland Neck, but who, by his efforts to establish his claims, had incurred the hostility of the friends of Gorges. When, therefore, Gorges set up his new government, Cleeve, whose ability and position in the narrow circle of men interested in the larger affairs of the new settlements in Maine, would naturally have entitled him to some recognition, was wholly ignored. Cleeve must have felt this slight keenly, and he shortly had an opportunity to retaliate. In 1630, a patent had been granted to a company of adventurers covering territory forty miles square between Cape Porpoise and Sagadahoc river. Gorges himself had named this territory Lygonia, in honor of his mother, Cicily Lygon, but the grantees never having established *de facto* possession of their grant, he had regarded it as invalid. Cleeve knew of this patent and, possessing himself of the facts connected with it, he sailed at once for England, where he saw that the changed condition of governmental affairs would be unfavorable to a royalist like Gorges. Arriving in England he found a valuable ally in Thomas Morton, the author of the New English Canaan, a man of unsavory reputation, who had been banished some time before by the Massachusetts authorities, and who was

now a parliamentary lobbyist. Among the men at that time occupying high positions in the Cromwellian government was Sir Alexander Rigby, and with him Cleeve was soon in treaty. The result was that Rigby was induced to purchase the disused patent and to appoint Cleeve deputy governor of the Province of Lygonia, which comprised the most valuable portion of Sir Ferdinando's possessions in Maine. With his commission in hand Cleeve at once sailed for New England to assume control of his government, and to oust his old enemy, Vines, then acting as Sir Ferdinando's deputy governor, for Thomas Gorges had left the Province and hastened home to aid in supporting the royal cause.

Arriving in Boston Cleeve at once sought to enlist the sympathies of the Massachusetts authorities in his behalf. Knowing how distasteful to them was the vice regal government of Gorges, he confidently counted upon their active support in establishing his authority in Maine, but the astute Winthrop and his associates were studying the situation in Maine from a more practical standpoint. They not only knew that their northern boundary had not been defined, and shrewdly suspected that when it was it would be found to include a considerable portion of Maine; but they were too prudent to assume dangerous responsibilities, so they entertained the new deputy governor pleasantly, and contented themselves by notifying Vines unofficially of the transfer of power to Rigby and his representative, Cleeve. Cleeve well knew from experience the persistent spirit of Massachusetts, and that without her power behind him his position would be precarious, hence he must have returned home much disappointed. He, however, entered into a contest with Vines for the possession of the government with his usual energy; but,

while the struggle was being pursued with varying fortunes to both parties, the news of the battle of Naseby, so fatal to the royal cause, reached Vines, who, disheartened, threw up his commission and abandoned the country, leaving the government in the hands of Edward Godfrey, a man no less able and loyal to his trust than himself. A decision by the commissioners for Foreign Plantations to whom Parliament had referred the case, confirming the validity of Rigby's claim, was, however, the final blow to the hopes of Gorges, and, in the summer of 1647, he died, having completed his brief narration with these remarkable words, showing his submission to the divine will. "*I end and leave all to Him who is the only Author of all goodness, and knows best his own time to bring his will to be made manifest, and appoints his instruments for the accomplishment thereof: to whose pleasure it becomes every one of us to submit ourselves, as to that mighty God and great and gracious Lord, to whom all glory doth belong.*" I may have trespassed upon your patience in discussing these particulars which I have elsewhere more fully discussed, but I believe that they may be many times repeated with profit, forming as they do an important portion of the early history of this part of our State, and here, in closing my narration of Sir Ferdinando Gorges' former connection with York, I may be pardoned for suggesting the erection in this town of a fitting memorial to the man, who so persistently labored to promote its importance. With the end of Sir Ferdinando's efforts to extend the importance of Gorgeana, and the firm establishment of Cromwell's power in England, Massachusetts felt that the time had arrived for her to stretch the scepter of her authority over Maine, a considerable portion of which she found might by a strict interpretation of her charter, be

legally brought within her dominion. Maine had long been a menace to her system of government. A continual effort from the first had been made to make it the center of royal, and, especially, prelatical power in New England. A study of the subject reveals this. In 1607, the Rev. Richard Seymour came here with the Popham Colony to establish ritualistic worship, and in 1623, "The Rev. William Morrill accompanied Robert Gorges, bearing authority to 'superintend the Churches of New England.'" So also in 1636, with William Gorges came the Rev. Richard Gibson to establish episcopacy in Maine, and, finally, as a culmination of the project, Gorgeana was made a bishopric and centre of ecclesiastical authority for Maine, and, by implication, all New England. The royal purpose as well as that of Gorges must have been clear to the Massachusetts magistrates, and they must have realized that its accomplishment would be fatal to their own system of government. Episcopal rule in Maine then must have been regarded with dread by Puritan Massachusetts, which abhorred everything which savored of Rome, and she must have been ready whenever occasion offered to avert the ever threatening evil. The establishment of the Commonwealth in England furnished the long hoped for occasion, and, in 1652, Massachusetts dispatched commissioners here to assume the direction of affairs, and Gorgeana, now York, entered upon a new chapter of its history. Go back with me a moment and take a glance at the town as it then was.

The inhabitants were not like those of Massachusetts; men who had left home and friends for religious freedom. They were here to better their worldly condition. Many of them cared little for any religious form of belief, and lived as fancy

led them; but most of them affirmed themselves to be favorable to the Episcopal order of worship. We find a low state of moral life prevalent in the community. The courts administered by rude and unlettered men were occupied with cases of moral delinquency of a disagreeable nature, and the shocking punishments meted out to offenders of both sexes are not calculated to enhance our respect for the judiciary. Most of the cases were for intemperance, slander, the breaking of the eighth commandment, profanity and other infractions of the moral code, such as might be expected in a new community made up of heterogeneous elements with no dominant purpose to unite, and with little religious teaching to enlighten it. Their domestic conditions were pitiable. Their dwellings, built for the most part of logs, sheltered families frequently of ten or twelve persons, and comprised two, or, at most, three rooms containing for furniture, a rude bench, two or three rough stools, a plain unpainted table, and one, possibly two, coarse beds. With such conditions how could one expect modesty and decorum to flourish? Fish and game were plenty in the woods and near-by waters, and hogs, rooting in the clam beds, furnished a supply of meat for winter use, if the bears and especially the wolves, which disturbed the sleep of the tired settlers, did not destroy too many of them. But the wolves were less troublesome than the prowling savages, who at any time might surprise the sleeping settlers, and after nightfall the children would start with fear at any unusual sound. In winter, one could not get about except upon snow-shoes, owing to the depth of the snow, which often compelled entrance to one's house by the roof or an upper window. Such is a faint picture of York as it was in the year of our Lord, 1652, when the Bay Commissioners

assembled to notify its inhabitants that henceforward the rule of Massachusetts was to be extended over them. Of course there was a divided opinion in the community. Many welcomed the new government which would bring them order and a generally improved condition of affairs; but there were also many others, friendly to the Gorges government, who would not be reconciled, and some of those, like Godfrey, Josselyn and others, were influential; but Massachusetts did not yield to any opposition. A pair of stocks, a cage, a whipping-post and a ducking-stool* for scolding women, were set up to accommodate the people of this part of Maine, and were kept well employed. The rule of Massachusetts was severe, but it was beneficial, and the order that it established, though far from perfect, led more settlers of a desirable kind to Maine, thereby improving the character of her citizenship. Indeed, Maine owes to Massachusetts a large debt of gratitude for her so-called usurpation. Nine years after her assumption of authority, the rule of Cromwell having come to an end, and royalty restored in England, the heir of Gorges succeeded in getting parliament to declare adversely to the claims of Massachusetts, and royal commissioners were dispatched to New England to re-establish the authority of the king. The rule of Massachusetts had been judicious, and a majority of the people favored it, but there was still a considerable number loyal to the memory of the Lord Proprietor, especially in this town. Although the commissioners presented an order signed by the king's own hand commanding Massachusetts to restore the territory and juris-

* The ducking-stool was a seat suspended from a pole over the water, the offender being strapped thereto and submerged a sufficient number of times to satisfy the sentence of the court.

diction of the province to the heir of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Massachusetts was obdurate and refused to relinquish her claims, and, when the royal representatives appointed officers to govern the province, Massachusetts sent her commissioners to York to hold court, with orders to arrest and punish persons resisting her authority. Affairs continued in this unsatisfactory condition until Massachusetts in 1667, succeeded in purchasing the charter of the province of the heir of Gorges, which gave ample validity to her title.

To establish the simple worship of the Congregational faith, as well as to foster education was always a chief consideration with Massachusetts, and a church was soon organized and placed under the charge of the Rev. Shubæl Dummer, who, with his wife, a daughter of Edward Rishworth, a citizen of York and man of much note in Maine, exercised an important influence upon the community. For a score of years they continued their unremitting labors, and, we have reason to believe, with a large measure of success. The history of York during this period of its vicissitudes, its struggles, and constant alarms from threatened attack by a savage foe instigated by the French, who were bent upon destroying the English settlements, will ever be of interest to the student of New England history.

The long dreaded blow finally fell upon this town. A band of savages in the winter of 1692, led by Frenchmen, set out from the Penobscot, being joined on the way by allies from the Kennebec, to attack the western settlements, and on the night of February 4th, encamped upon the wooded slopes of Mt. Agamenticus, from whence they could look down upon the little village of York, and see the twinkling lights in the houses of those they had marked for destruction.

Some of these houses were fortified, and a watch kept, which probably deterred the wary savages from making a night attack, for they waited until dawn before leaving their uncomfortable lair. Then as the light began to appear they crept towards their prey, partially concealed by the snow which was now silently falling about them. The watch at this hour had doubtless ceased, and they approached the doomed village unperceived. A door of one of the houses opened and a boy came forth with his axe. Soon he was engaged at his task unconscious of impending danger, when suddenly he was seized by rough hands, forced to answer a few fierce questions, and then his head was split open by a hatchet, and he was left dying upon the new fallen snow.

The savages dividing into two parties, now began their cruel work, butchering men, women and children alike; "Even infants in the cradle were not spared," says the Frenchman, Villebon, in his account of the massacre. Owing to the exposure of York to attack, Dummer had been frequently urged to leave the town, but had refused, declaring that he would remain and share the dangers of those whom he had, says Mather, "Converted and edified by his ministry." He was just mounting his horse when struck down by a bullet. His wife and son were taken prisoners. Contrary to their usual custom a number of old women and children, who appeared too feeble to take the long journey to Canada, which was the destination of the captives, were released when the savages left the ruined village. Among these was the delicate wife of the dead pastor. Her son, however, was a prisoner, and frantic with grief, the bereaved woman returned to the savages begging for his release, but was roughly sent away. Motherly affection prompted her to

renew the attempt, and she again returned to the savages to pray for his release. The only reply she received was, that as she wanted to be a prisoner she should have her desire. She was therefore compelled to follow her cruel captors; but a march through the wilderness in the dead of winter without suitable shelter and food was enough to test the endurance of the hardiest man, and she soon perished. Of the fate of her son no authentic record has been discovered. Mather was moved by this terrible event to express his feelings in rhyme after this manner:

"Dummer the *shepherd* sacrificed,
By *wolves* because the *sheep* he priz'd,
The *orphan's* father, church's *light*,
The *love* of heav'n, of hell the *spight*."

The destruction of York and the death and captivity of nearly the entire population were so disheartening, that the few who escaped contemplated an abandonment of the settlement, but a few clung to their old dwelling place, and these formed a nucleus for a new town.

With the inauguration of a new government in England under William and Mary, owing to continued agitation, for the rule of Massachusetts was watched in England with a jealous eye, a new charter for Maine was made, and it arrived just after the destruction of York. It provided for a legislature consisting of two branches, and this town, in spite of its condition, was represented in both its branches. The condition of the town was, however, deplorable. Poverty and continual alarms from threatened attacks by the savages prevented any considerable growth. The destruction of the Pequawket tribe by Lovewell afforded temporary relief, but the French continued their pernicious efforts against the

English settlers, and it was not until New England, aroused by the necessity of an aggressive warfare, transferred the war to French territory and captured their stronghold at Louisburg, that peace seemed assured. In this splendid achievement citizens of York participated. The fall of Louisburg was the most important event which had occurred in New England, and was hailed with demonstrations of joy as it gave assurance of tranquil times. Its relinquishment, however, by England was a sad blow to the hopes of the poor colonists, and it was not until its second and final recapture by Wolfe in 1758, and the extinguishment of French power in New France, which shortly followed, that peace with the savages was fully accomplished.

From this time York began to thrive and soon became a fairly prosperous fishing and farming community. With all danger from their French and savage neighbors removed, an era of prosperity at last dawned upon the coast towns of Maine in which York, owing to her favorable position and the sturdy character of her inhabitants, shared. Settlers from neighboring colonies found their way here, and with strong arms cleared the forests and laid the foundations of a prosperous settlement, so that where a short time before poverty and discouragement abounded, thrift and prosperity began to flourish. When the War of the Revolution came, calling to the men of New England to strike a blow for freedom, this town was not backward in contributing efficient aid to the popular cause, and during the gloomy years which followed, full of alarms and discouragements, the people of York laid their lives and treasures a willing sacrifice upon the altar of Liberty. Again, in the War of 1812, the citizens of York responded with alacrity to the bugle call which summoned

them from boat and field to the defence of their rights. Since Maine became a sovereign State in 1820, the history of York, though it has not been marked by any startling events, has been that of a peaceful and happy community, worthy to be regarded with pride by her sons and daughters. As in the earlier wars in which this country, since it became a nation, has been unfortunately engaged, the war with Mexico, the Civil War and the late war with Spain, you have always displayed your patriotism, as no doubt you will continue to do in the future, should this country be drawn into conflict with other powers, which let us hope may never happen.

Thus far we have turned the eye of retrospection towards the past. We have reviewed together its history, and striven to re-people these pleasant scenes with the forms of those who once lived their lives among them. So much for the past; what of the future? What will your town be when you assemble to commemorate its third centennial? For there are a few now within sound of my voice who will be here to witness that event. What you will be is of more importance than what you have been. One thing is certain; the world will have changed. Great inventions and discoveries will have been made; perhaps a new force, more efficient than steam or electricity, will have been harnessed to the chariot of progress. Widely separated communities will have been brought nearer to each other than we dream of to-day; the productive world will no longer be dominated by ignorance and misguided by crude theories; agriculture will have assumed a place nearer its true one in the estimation of men, and literature and art, twin lights of civilization, will illumine the way of progress; hence it will be a better ordered world and nearer our ideal, though far below what we hope

it may become in some more remote future, when Christianity shall more perfectly direct its course.

I have denominated literature and art as twin lights of civilization; neither are found in savage life; the bark inscription, the carved war club and painted feather are the first signs of their existence. I go farther and say that the use made of these lights is the measure of civilization.

In the past, we, of New England, have not found time to devote to art; beauty has been ignored in our devotion to utility, and we have left our cities and towns, especially our country towns, to grow at random. This is not as it should be; they should be beautified and adorned. The Greeks understood this better than we have hitherto, and beautified their surroundings with adornments, the relics of which still excite the admiration of mankind. Take up this work then; make your town beautiful, that it may be a growing joy to those who follow you. As this is one of the oldest towns in the State, let it be the foremost in this work. A splendid example, which every citizen of the State should behold, may be seen at Rumford Falls. Such an achievement could only be compassed by the brain and heart of a Hugh Chisholm, and it forms a nobler monument to him than one of brass.

In this work do not forget memorials of your past, of the men who have contributed to your betterment. I do not mean by such memorials as monuments which savor of mortality, but real works of art. In a city in Germany, many years ago, a rathaus, or city government building was begun, and is now drawing towards completion; something from year to year having been added to it according to its original conception. All the material used in its construction is of local origin, and the work in it has all been accomplished by local

artisans and artists. This building is the embodiment of the city's history. The walls and ceilings of its many rooms are decorated with historic scenes from its founding to a recent period; each room exhibiting one or more chapters in its life and progress. The carven doors, the adornments of frieze architrave, and even the finely wrought iron work bear historic designs, and the faces which everywhere present themselves to you in sculpture or painting are those of former citizens. What memorials can excel these? I know of none which equal them. You of York are blessed with natural surroundings of great beauty and a population noted for moral and intellectual worth. I know of no surer promise of a happy future to our beloved land than such a community; fearing God, loving education, temperance and thrift. We are here to recognize these virtues; to take part in an act of history; to record our faith in popular institutions; in progress inspired by love of God and love of man. These two give dignity to humanity, and irradiate it with the spirit of deity. Yesterday humanity bowed to the pitiless spirit of force; today it greets the angel of liberty; tomorrow it will hail the reign of universal brotherhood. War has blackened the pages of history and stained them with tears and blood; the history of this town, as well as the history of the world; but, henceforth, we may hope that peace will keep them stainless and undefiled.

"Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
Live brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspicious faith! While honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which, idle, barbarous warfare but usurps."

Cultivate, then, all the arts of peace; fertilize your fields; plow, and harrow, and sow, and reap with thankful hearts the harvests that they yield. Let industry enrich your town that genius may find room to adorn it with memorials of its past, and philanthropy with schools and libraries, and whatever ministers to the true upbuilding of man, for industry clears the way of progress. The history of York is not such as men, dominated by the false dogma that might is right, call great. Its pioneers flaunted no emblazoned arms nor knightly shield, but with dauntless hearts and stout arms led the way like a forlorn hope into the wilds of Agamenticus to plant deep the foundations of civilization. To them belongs the meed of praise, greater than that to victorious generals or founders of mighty dynasties, for they laid enduring foundations. We salute their memory.

Historical Sketch of York.

By FRANK D. MARSHALL.

On the 5th day of August, 1902, the Town of York formally commemorated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary as a town established by Massachusetts Bay Colony. Yet here, in the year 1642, on the banks of a river called Agamenticus, antedating by a decade and more this Puritan municipal franchise, was established the first city in America, under the name of Gorgeana. Here was to be the capital of the Province, and the seat of the bishop; the evident intention of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, "Lord Palatine of the Province of Maine," being to set up a government on lines sharply opposed to Massachusetts Bay Colony in matters both civil and ecclesiastical. How far his dream of vice-regal sovereignty across the seas came true has already been told by Mr. Baxter.

Bancroft writes: "In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, a discreet and intrepid navigator, . . . undertook the direct voyage from the British Channel to America. From the Azores, to which he was borne by contrary winds, he ran a westerly course . . . but it was only after seven weeks that he came in sight of Cape Elizabeth, in Maine. Following the coast to the southwest, he skirted 'an outpoint of wooded land'; and, about of the fourteenth of May, he anchored 'near Savage

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Portland, Maine.

rock,' to the east of York harbor. There he met a Biscay shallop; and there he was visited by natives." Thence he stood south and on the fifteenth discovered Cape Cod. If Bancroft has rightly interpreted the narrative of Gosnold, he was the first Englishman known to have seen the coast of York. Just a year later Martin Pring, with the Speedwell and the Discoverer, craft of less than fifty tons burden, coasted along these shores, and discovered York River, even if he did not ascend it. But Captain John Smith, picking his way along these shores in the summer of 1614, traced their indentations with business-like accuracy upon his great map dedicated to Prince Charles, and more clearly plotted the river and shore line of York, as well as its great hill. On his return to England, Smith submitted the map to Prince Charles, then a boy of some fifteen years, who changed, as Smith tells us, about thirty-five "barbarous Indian names" for others, "in order that posterity might be able to say that that royal personage was their godfather"; hence Agamenticus was named Snowden Hill, and "Boston" was located at its base.

Thus, in a large measure, the coast became known in a general way to Gorges, Popham and other promoters of trade and colonization, and drew their attention.

Gorges says he "had long known Lieut.-Col. Norton, who had raised himself from a common soldier to his present position." He speaks of him as an industrious man, who well understood whatever he undertook, and who was strong to carry it out. Gorges obtained a patent for Norton and associated with him his grandson Ferdinando Gorges, "conceiving that he would thus be better fortified in his rights." Under this patent, issued in December, 1631, twelve thousand

acres were granted to Norton and others on the east side of York River, while a like amount on the west bank was given to the grandson. Gorges writes that thereupon Norton and his associates "hastened to take possession of their territory, carrying with them their families and other necessary provisions, and I sent over for my son my nephew, Capt. William Gorges . . . with some other craftsmen for the building of houses and erecting saw mills; and by other shipping from Bristol some cattle with other servants, by which the foundation of the plantation was laid. . . ."

Preceding this expedition must have gone Edward Godfrey, a steadfast defender of the rights of Gorges and a man whose character stands out strong and able. In 1654 Godfrey, then in England, filed a claim against Massachusetts Bay, wherein he recited that he had been a resident of York for a quarter of a century "and was the first who ever built there." This fixes the first permanent settlement in 1629; yet, in all probability, at least summer fishing stages earlier existed on the shores of York River, but nine miles distant from the Piscataqua plantation of 1623, notably on "Stage Island," or "Stage Neck," as later called.*

Thus came to York the first settlers. The names of many prominent in town and province affairs are now forgotten; others are perpetuated by resident descendants, while many a son of the great West comes back to the old Agamenticus, or Bristol settlement, not only because its summer shores are pleasant, but to wander for a season in the paths of his ancestors. Prominent among the emigrants, in addition to

*Belknap, Williamson and others fix the date of settlement of York as early as 1622-23, but they do not adduce authorities to substantiate their statement.

Norton* and Godfrey, were Francis Raynes, Arthur Bragdon, Henry Dunnells, Thomas Bradbury, John Puddington, Richard Banks, Sylvester Stover, Hugh Gale, Roger Garde, Henry Simpson, William Hooke†, William Ellingham, Sampson Anger, Nicholas Davis, John Twisden, Senior, Richard Burgess and John Allcock.

Probably many of these and their immediate successors were "such young persons as being married have neither howse nor home of theire owne but what they can get by their labors." These Gorges described to be best fitted for emigrants. However that may be, during the first decade of the settlement's existence not a few men came who possessed education, self-reliance and good character. At this time, although a "chapel or oratory" is referred to, there was no settled minister. The settlement during the brewing troubles in England was, nominally at least, loyal to Charles First and to the Church; and, as subsequent events show, a few of its men of standing were strong in their faith. As early as 1634 their future Lord Palatine wrote his sovereign, expressing a desire to here set up and firmly establish the church; and the king had expressly commanded Gorges to settle with all convenient speed the ecclesiastical government of the Church of England.

In April, 1639, the king made Gorges Lord Palatine of the Province of Mayne, conferring a high degree of feudal authority. The old cavalier then aspired to come hither in

*Little is known of Walter Norton, "who had raised himself from a common soldier." He died previous to March, 1638, leaving as his only child Jane Simpson, wife of young Henry Simpson who was probably one of the original settlers of the town.

†William Hooke was "Governor of Agamenticus" in 1638.

person, and set about building a ship for his conveyance; but by some mishap it fell upon stocks and was ruined. Thereupon Thomas Gorges, a nephew, or "cousin" as such kinsmen were then called, was dispatched as Deputy Governor. He was from the Inns-of-Court, a barrister, barely twenty-one years of age, and a man of ability and judicious temperament. Up to this time the community, with those contiguous, had been accustomed "to order their affairs as if they alone were the supreme lords." In 1640 Thomas Gorges reached Agamenticus and established his authority. The court records show that he controlled with vigor. He found there "the wily and corrupt George Burdett," in the guise of a clergyman, working iniquity. Burdett was arrested, indicted and convicted of various crimes. Thomas Gorges returned to England in 1643 and joined the Round heads as a Lieut.-Colonel in the Somerset Militia, later becoming a member of Parliament from Taunton. The cellar of his residence at York is still pointed out on the banks of the river.

On April 10th, 1641, Sir Ferdinando Gorges created the little Agamenticus settlement into a borough with the "church chapel, or oratory"* as the center thereof; and on March 1st, 1642, he issued his charter, as "Lord of y^{e} Province of Mayne," changing the borough into a "citie" . . . and ordained "that y^{e} Circuite of y^{e} said Incorporation . . . shall extend from y^{e} Beginning of y^{e} Entrance of y^{e} River . . . & so up y^{e} said River seven Inglish miles, and all along y^{e} East & North East side of y^{e} sea shore

*The writer doubts whether this chapel was actually built, at least as early as 1641, although it would be gratifying to have evidence that it did then exist.

Three English miles in Breadth from y^e^ Entrance of y^e^ said River, and up into y^e^ Mayne Land, seven miles, Butting with y^e^ seven miles from y^e^ sea side, . . . that y^e^ same from henceforth be . . . called by the name of Gorgeanna, and . . . to have continuance forever. . . ."

Then followed all provisions "for better governing y^e^ said Citie," including the selection of the mayor, aldermen, "common councill" and recorder, as well as for a "Court Leete," and a Court of Justice, proceedings to be "according . . . to his Maj^est^ Court of Chancery at Westminster." There were officials called "Sergants of y^e^ White Rod" to "serve and return all precepts." Moreover all lands were to "bie holden of y^e^ Kings Majestie . . . In free and Comon Cotage, and not in Capite." A market was established; also fairs were to be held ". . . upon the feast day of St. James and St. Paul." Then followed a right of appeal in all causes to the Lord Palatine; and a clause giving all the privileges "as the City of Bristol holdeth."

Such in effect was the old feudal machinery, with all its refinements, for governing and developing a community of about three hundred souls planted on a rugged coast, confronted by an endless forest, and but two days' journey from Massachusetts Bay, ready at the first plausible excuse to reach out and assimilate these "men to the eastward."

Thomas Gorges was the first mayor. On his return to England, Roger Garde, the recorder, succeeded him in office. Then Governor Winthrop said "they made a taylor their mayor"—an observation of doubtful grace coming from "the grandson of a clothworker." The records show Garde to have been a man of education; and that he had a standing in the community is apparent not only by his becoming chief

magistrate, but also from the fact that Thomas Gorges committed his private estate to his care. He died in 1645 and was buried with military honors. Edward Godfrey was the third mayor of the city.

Meanwhile the aged Sir Ferdinando had taken up arms for his king. He became a prisoner of Cromwell, was released, and died in 1647, having spent a fortune and a lifetime in colonizing adventures. John Gorges succeeded to his estates.

Hearing nothing from their Lord Palatine, and their sovereign dethroned, discouragement to Royalists in Gorgeana was inevitable. After all, its people were but yesterday residing in Kent, Somerset and Sussex; and the rising tide of representative government in the mother country would soon and often bring ships to these shores bearing news to find quick response here. On both sides of the Atlantic the pulse of English thought beat much the same. It was now prudent for Royalists to be passive, if not submissive. Godfrey was most outspoken for the rights of the charter, and later suffered accordingly. It was under these conditions that in 1649 the citizens met those of Kittery and Wells and resolved: "whereas Sir Ferdinando Gorges is dead: and for the better ordering . . . till Further Authorryty shall come out of England . . . to unite into a boddy pollitick . . . to see the's parts . . . regulated according to such lawes as formerly have been exercised." They chose Godfrey governor.

In October of the same year a "Generall Courte" was holden at Gorgeana "before the right Worp[ll] Edward Godfrey, Dep. Gov[r]. Mr. Nicholas Shapleigh, Mr. Abraham Preble, Edward Rushworth, Assistants." It took cognizance of civil, criminal and ecclesiastical matters. At this time the

Grand Jury presented William Hilton for "not keeping vittual and drink at all times for strangers and inhabitants." Mr. Hilton was the ferryman at York Harbor, and was evidently the first man to keep a public house in that now flourishing and beautiful summer resort.

The Court further decreed that "all who are out of a Churchway and be orthodox in judgment and not scandalous in life, shall have full liberty to gather them-selves into a Church estate . . . and every Church hath Frie liberty of Election and ordination of all her officers . . . provided they be able pious and orthodox." Although there was then probably no settled minister, it is reasonably certain that for years past Episcopal clergymen had often conducted worship; also that Puritan ministers labored among the people, notably Rev. Mr. Thompson, "pious and learned."

It may be said in passing that probably religious freedom was not the master motive of a majority of the first settlers in Gorgeana, or York, as it was professed to be in Massachusetts Bay. The men who came at the bidding of Gorges were colonizers; they were to hold and populate the country for their Lord Palatine. In conveyances they frequently described themselves as planters; in those days titles were more carefully and properly applied than now. Hence it is not surprising that among them may have been adventurers, and some reckless characters who, not passing muster under rigid Puritan laws, here sought shelter beyond the Piscataqua shore.

Yet it cannot be denied that Massachusetts Bay had some motive in giving ready ear to tales of lawlessness that may have come down the coast to Salem and Boston. With her the spirit of expansion then prevailed. York's records, both

civil and criminal, do not greatly differ from those of Massachusetts Bay towns. Vague stories long repeated may merge into tradition, and tradition into accepted history, which until more recent years we have taken largely from Massachusetts. What reason is there to believe that these immigrants and colonizers were not, in the aggregate, as sober minded, industrious, law abiding and intelligent as their English kinsmen three score miles to the south?

Meanwhile there had come within the city limits a new element. The uprising of the Scots in the forties had made it convenient, if not necessary, for certain Cavaliers to seek new homes across the sea. So along the river bank grew up a hamlet known to this day as "Scotland." The descendants of Pierce and Micum McIntire, Robert Junkins, Thomas Donnell, Joseph Grant* and other Scotchmen, still dwell there, and have for more than two hundred and fifty years been prominent in town affairs.

In the summer of 1652 Massachusetts Bay, having construed its great charter to embrace much of Maine, sent a commission "to treat with the gentlemen of the eastward." Governor Godfrey† refused to submit, resolving to exercise jurisdiction "until it shall please Parliament, the Commonweal of England, . . . otherwise to order, under whose

*Banished by Cromwell in 1645 or 1647.

†For obvious reasons Edward Godfrey does not appear in office after 1652. Part of the time he was in England struggling for the heir of Gorges; in 1655 Massachusetts Bay stripped him of much of his estates. At the restoration he again went to England. In 1663 he died a prisoner for debt in the Fleet, Ludgate, aged 79 years. In 1665 York regranted his homestead lands on the south side of York River, to Anna Godfrey, his widow.

McIntire Garrison House.

power and protection we are." Yet even in Gorgeana the majority was against him, so he writes, "whatever my body was enforced to do Heaven knows my soul did not consent unto." Some open violence followed in the town, but Massachusetts prevailed, and it was doubtless better that she did. The charter was revoked, and thus after ten short years, the first city in America ceased to exist. "Thorough" was the shibboleth in Massachusetts Bay as well as in England, so not even a well-deserved and euphonious name was left this little settlement in memory of its founder. Massachusetts Bay, granting citizenship to those who took "y^e^ Oath of Freedom," conferred the less graceful name of *York*. Thus began its corporate existence.*

The vicissitudes of those early days may be traced from the records of the town. By 1660 York was growing rapidly and flourishing, as is evidenced by land grants. Yet the title to the Province was still in litigation, adherents to Massachusetts Bay continuing dominant. But now that the crown was restored to Charles Second, even Massachusetts Bay feared, at times, lest its own great charter be annulled. When the fortunes of the Gorges heirs, at brief intervals, would be uppermost, land grants in York would almost cease, in fact none are recorded in 1661-2; in 1663 but one grant was "laid out to John Frost ffisherman." The King's commissioners visited the town in 1665 and made proclamation requiring the inhabitants to submit to the

*The Commissioners' Court was held at Gorgeana on the 22nd of November, 1652; sitting, Simeon Bradstreet, Bryan Pendleton, Tho: Wiggine, Sam'll Symonds; Edward Rishworth, Recorder. On that day the legal existence of Gorgeana, or Agamenticus, ceased, and York began as a body corporate. York Records, Part I, Folio 27.

immediate protection and government of the King; but proclamations do not make stable government, so in July, 1668, for the second time commissioners from Massachusetts Bay arrived, this time with a military escort. A turbulent scene followed at the meeting-house, but again the Puritan authority was established and "a few prominent individuals who would not submit were summarily dealt with." Finally, in 1677, the Justices decided that the claim of young Gorges, as heir, was valid. Then he offered to sell his title to the Province to the King, presumably for the Duke of Monmouth, the favorite son of Charles Second. But the agents of Massachusetts Bay lost no time in quietly crossing the sea to make a purchase; and for £1,250 Gorges passed a clear title to Massachusetts Bay—to the furious indignation of the King, it is said. Thereupon follow page upon page of land grants in the records of this town, until the year 1682, when the King directed a writ of *quo warranto* against the charter of Massachusetts Bay, and once more the records show nothing granted.

Thus for thirty years York, the seat of provincial government, and the place last reconciled to the rule of Massachusetts Bay, was a storm center of the contesting claimants. The last fitful cloud vanished in 1684, when President Danforth, authorized by Massachusetts Bay Colony, "y^{e} now Lord Proprietors," confirmed to the inhabitants all rights and privileges "to them formerly granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges." The instrument conferring these rights was an indenture, "Between Thomas Danforth Esq. president of his Maj^{ties} Province of Mayne, in New England, on the one party, and Major John Davis, Mr. Edward Rushworth, Capt. Job Alcock and Lieut. Abraham Prebble, Trustees on

y^e behalf and for y^e sole use and benefit of y^e Inhabitants of y^e Town of Yorke." The consideration of the deed is "That they y^e abovesaid Inhabitants . . . forever hereafter as an acknowledgement of *Sir Ferdinando Gorges*, and his Assigns, right to Soyle and Government, do pay twelve pence for every family whose Single Country rate is not above Two Shillings, and for all that exceed the sum of Two shillings, in a single rate, to pay three shillings pr. family annually in money to y^e Treasurer of said Province, for y^e use of y^e Chiefe proprietor thereof."

Thus it would seem that in this instance Massachusetts Bay chose to rest on her title as assignee of Gorges' heirs, rather than by her interpretation of the famous line north of the Merrimac.

Of the Trustees, above named, Abraham Preble and Edward Rishworth are best remembered. Abraham Preble, senior, was one of the earliest settlers. Lieut. Abraham Preble was generally styled junior. Both men were active in town affairs, as surveyors, town clerks and selectmen. Lieutenant Preble was representative to the General Court. Preble is a name long and favorably known in the State of Maine. Edward Rishworth has descendants, but none bearing his name. He was born in Lincolnshire, England, and married Susan Wheelwright, daughter of John Wheelwright, vicar of Bilsby. He came from Exeter to Gorgeana in 1647; was recorder of the Court in 1651, and in 1653 represented York in the General Court at Boston. He submitted to the Royal Commissioners on their visit to York, before referred to, and was thereupon appointed one of the Justices. Three years later, in 1668, he was removed by Massachusetts Bay; but in 1673 he apologized and was restored to office, and in

1680-81 he was made chancellor under the Gorges Charter acquired by Massachusetts Bay; also secretary of the Province. He died in 1691. While he displayed unusual facility in gaining office under the dominant faction for the time being, he seems to have performed his varied public trusts faithfully and well. He made for law, order and industry in town and provincial affairs, and his name should not be forgotten.

Since the history of the old First Parish is taken up elsewhere in this volume, it will be here touched upon only at one or two points. Volume one, page twenty, of the Town Records reads as follows: "Wee the Selectmen of the Town of York, have given unto the Townhouse for the use of the Ministry, a certain parcell of marsh, lying about John Pearses Cove, above it, and joining unto William More on the other side, containing one acre or thereabouts:

5 July; 1653: WILLIAM HILTON,
PETER WEARE,
JOHN ALCOCK,
ARTHUR BRAGDON,
RICHARD BANKS."

This was the beginning of numerous grants of land to the ministry, some of which the Parish holds to this day, "unreversable as an inheritance given promised and confirmed thereunto for the perpetual use and benefit of y^e^ Ministry henceforth unto all succeeding generations."

The first meeting-house was located on the slope of the hill on the northeasterly side of "Meeting House Creek," near the road leading from York Village to Sewall's Bridge.

In 1662 Shubael Dummer came from Newbury and began

THE BARRELL MANSION, YORK.

a pastorate which was to end only on his death by the hands of the French and Indians on the morning of January 25th, 1692. He lived near Roaring Rock on the Norwood Farms, also having a considerable tract of land "near the Rivers mouth," called "Farmer Allcock's Neck" by the sea.

In the annals of York the events of 1692 have been related from generation to generation. The following is from the manuscript of the late Hon. Nathaniel G. Marshall, who was an authority on the history of his town. "This was a fatal year. . . . On the twenty-fifth of January [or February 4th] . . . a descent was made by a body of Indians, at which nearly all the inhabitants on the north side of the River were either slain or taken prisoners and carried into captivity . . . This town, protected in a measure by the villages growing up in the interior and on either hand, did not suffer much until this year 1692 . . . when it was nearly annihilated. All the property and accumulations, recorded in the preceding pages [referring to town records], the result of seventy years' toil, were swept away, and loved ones . . . were either slain or carried into captivity by the Indians, who were beyond doubt urged on by the French; and it is a tradition not to be doubted that the Indians who made the attack . . . were commanded by French officers, perhaps in disguise . . . " So far as known the torch was put to every house in the locality mentioned, excepting only the four or five garrison houses, the meeting-house and the old Gaol.

Another account, from one whose memory extended back to within a hundred years of the event, is that the expedition was equipped in Canada, the regions lying to the north and east being generally thus designated, with York as the objective point and that it consisted of nearly as many French as

Indians, in all exceeding one hundred and fifty. Reaching the outskirts of the settlement at night the expedition piled its snowshoes around a large rock, still pointed out. Then it separated, a Frenchman and an Indian covering the entrance to each dwelling, daybreak or the first gunshot to be the signal for a general massacre. Among the first to fall was Rev. Shubael Dummer, and then began a cruel slaughter almost the equal of Bloody Brook. Arthur Bragdon, Jr., a young man, attending his traps suddenly came upon the pile of snowshoes. Realizing their import, knowing himself surrounded by an unseen, unmerciful foe, he fled to Fort Head at the Harbor, and there hid among the overhanging rocks. Presently an Indian dog appeared, with its mouth strapped tight, looked at him and trotted away. He knew an Indian would soon come, guided by the dog. Again Bragdon started on, followed the shore up river and found an old canoe, crossed over, and gave the alarm to the dwellers on the "South Side," who fled for their lives. Had Bragdon been able, by fire or knife, to have destroyed those snowshoes, doubtless there would have occurred within sight of old Mt. Agamenticus a struggle as bloody and as famous as any in the Deerfield Valley; for the alarm given, the men of Kittery and Portsmouth started in pursuit. But it was a hopeless chase. The French and Indians had the start by several hours, and were beyond reach, though impeded by their captives. Among the latter was a sturdy youngster, who escaped. He is known to history as Colonel Jeremiah Moulton, a scourge to the Indians, and a valiant officer in the war with France.

Of the six succeeding years we have this account from an unknown man who writes: "When I was about nineteen

years old, I was pressed a soldier . . . and was stationed at York. When I first came hither there was no settled minister, and very little of so much as ye form of religion; but on ye contrary an abundance of levity and vanity, although it was soon after ye destruction of a great part of ye town by ye Indians."

One painful result of the sack and massacre was the destruction of every mill. Therefore the inhabitants were led to negotiate with Capt. John Pickerin, of Portsmouth, as appears by an open letter submitted by Pickerin wherein he speaks of "ye straits and necessities of your town for want of a Corn Mill." His terms were finally accepted in 1695 by an indenture executed on behalf of the town by Samuel Donnell, Alva M. Preble and Arthur Bragdon, and sworn to before "Wm. Peperill: Jus. Peace," father of the hero of Louisburg. Thereby the town secured its corn mill, which was a necessity, and therefrom incidentally sprouted sufficient litigation relative to timber and mill rights to transmit to the succeeding generation, even for thirty years.

At the age of twenty-three, Rev. Samuel Moody, but one year graduated from Harvard College, commenced his labors at York, arriving May 18, 1698. On petition the General Court at Boston assisted in his support by a grant of £12 sterling, and the town voted "that there is a whous to bie built forth with for yous of ye Ministry . . . ye Demenssions as foloeth, Twenty eight fout in Length and twenty fout wied with a Lentoe att one end . . . to be two Story high with three fiere plesses." Twenty pounds were raised for the purpose.

Thus Samuel Moody commenced a pastorate covering half a century of troublous and uncertain times, relying on the

voluntary offerings of his people. Usually the town would vote to "mend his fences," "to cut his hay," and to "supply him with fierwood." It also voted to "garrison" his house "with square timber of oak or . . . hemlock . . . with two suitable Baskins or Flankers."

In 1710 it was decided to "have a New Meeting house . . . fifty foot square, and to be built Every Way PrePortionable." This was the second house of worship, or the third, if the "church chapel, or oratory," mentioned in the charter of 1641 as being the center of the borough limits, was actually built.

It was here that John Harmon, Joseph Sayward, Micom McIntire, and others were given "ye hinde seat in . . . our meeting house in ye Gallery, Provided they fill it." Since these gentlemen were not filling a "hinde seat" in civil affairs, it is fair to assume that they were not under the ban of Father Moody, but were in fact thus granted further accommodation for their families or servants.

To revert to Rev. Samuel Moody: He possessed a character as strong and as well fitted for his times as can be found in any New England town. He was able, fearless, a man of faith and zeal, and with all these was blessed with more charity and benevolence than can be usually ascribed to his contemporaries in the ministry. Twice he welcomed Whitefield, the great revivalist. Whitefield wrote in his journal: "Hither I came to see one Mr. Moody, a worthy, plain and powerful minister . . . though much impaired by age. . . . He has lived by faith for many years, . . . and has been much despised by bad men and as much respected by true lovers of the blessed Jesus. He came as far as Hampton to meet me. . . . As I came along I was surprised

to see such improvement made in a place of about one hundred years' standing and could not but fancy myself in old England."

When seventy years old Father Moody sailed as chaplain in the expedition against Louisburg. With him he carried an ax, declaring it to be "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," to demolish the images in the Catholic house of worship. He died in 1747, having scored deeply in the life of the town. The only son of Samuel Moody was Joseph, born in 1700, and graduated from Harvard College in 1718. He was the great-uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and was locally known as "Handkerchief Moody," and undoubtedly from Emerson, as friend and neighbor, Hawthorne heard much of York characters, and thus took his cue for The Minister's Black Veil. Joseph Moody seemed not only eminently fitted for public life, but to have entered into it with much interest and success. At twenty-one years of age he appeared as Town Clerk; later he was Register of Deeds for York County, and at thirty years was Judge of the County Court. There seemed before him a long and brilliant career; but his father insisted on his entering the ministry. This he did, and in 1732 was ordained first pastor of the Second Parish in York. There he preached for six years, when there grew upon him a peculiar melancholia. Gradually his eccentricities became accentuated, and keeping aloof from his townsmen, eating alone, at all times he veiled his face with a handkerchief; hence the name of "Handkerchief Moody." He died in 1753. Rev. Mr. Lyman said of Joseph Moody, "He died a martyr to his own declaration that he 'could not preach.'"

Under the earliest Massachusetts Bay laws church membership was generally a prerequisite to being a "freeman" with

full right to participate in town affairs. By the Charter of Gorgeana it was the "freeholders," those possessing real estate, who chose the Common Council. On the abrogation of the charter in 1652, the laws of Massachusetts Bay came in force here, and by the Charter of William and Mary, 1691, liberty of conscience was "allowed in the worship of God, to all Christians except papists," and religious tests for voting were abolished. Thereafter "freeholders and other inhabitants owning property" participated in public affairs. Nevertheless rates for support of the ministry were by law to be levied as other town charges. The separation between the church and the state was not effected until Maine ceased to be a part of Massachusetts in 1820,* although, in later years, it is understood that the collection of the rates was not always strictly enforced against Baptists and others who protested.

The following vote brings to bear so many of these early statutes that it may well be given in full.

"Att a Legall Town Meeting Holden in York Decem^{r} y^{e} 15th 1702.

Resolved by the freeholders and Princable Inhabitanc of this Town of York aforesd: to give unto the Rever^{d} Mr. Sam^{ll} Moody our Minister and Pastor for his Preaching unto us this year insuing. Beginning att this Day of the Date the full sum of Sixty Pounds, in or as Money: the which Sixty Pounds shall be Leved upon all Ratable heads and estates according to Law: to be leved and Preportioned by the Selectmen of our said Town: and Gethered by vertue of a Warrant from them and Paid according to their ord^{s} . . . As also a Day Work a year of each Man in this Town as

* Constitution of Maine.

Was before ordered: and our sd Minister the privledg of y^e^ Parsonage: and it is further ordered that y^e^ Contrebution be Cept up: & all and every of our Inhabitanc that doe contribute Money: on Sabath Day or Days, Doe put it in Paper and Write his or her Name thereon: in order to Discount it from or out of their Tax: y^e^ above Writen Read and Voted."

With the revival of religious interest the first public provision was made for the support of a schoolmaster. ". . . Aprill y^e^ 15^th^: 1701. Pursuant to a vote of This Town for a scool Master the said Selectmen Indented and Bargened With Mr. Natha^ll^ ffreman to Ceep a free Scool for all y^e^ Inhabitanc of our Town of York for which the Town to pay said ffreeman for one year eight pounds in. or as Money and three penc pr. week for Taching to Reade: and four penc: pr week for Writing and Sifering and no moor." Mr. Freeman was employed from year to year until 1710, when he contracted for the term of seven years to keep a "Free School to instruct and teach all persons . . . from five years old and upwards, that shall come unto him . . . in seasonable school time, to begin at Eight of y^e^ Clock in y^e^ morning & to continue until Eleven in y^e^ forenoon, and in y^e^ afternoon to begin at one of y^e^ Clock, and to end at five of y^e^ Clock, or according to y^e^ Custome of Schools; to Teach all such as come unto him in Reading, Writing & Cyphering, as they are capable." The town also promised "for y^e^ encouragement of said Mr. Nath^ll^ Freeman above named,—as School-Master, to Build for his own proper use & benefit forever . . . a Dwelling House, twenty two foot Long, eighteen foot wide and eight foot between joynts, with a brick Chimney, with

doors, floors and stairs Convenient, suitable to live in . . . and to pay 'a sallary Thirty pounds pr year.' "

On somewhat similar terms Dr. Alexander Bulman settled in town, being "freely given" £100 provided he gave "security for his continuance in y^e^ town during life." Dr. Bulman lived at York Village, and led the arduous life of the early country doctor, gaining knowledge largely by experience, combining the duties of doctor and apothecary, pounding his own drugs, healing as best he knew, and standing second only to the judge and the minister. Dr. Bulman died in 1745 of fever in the service of the Crown at Louisburg. The next year it was voted to "give Doct. Burchstead of Lyn an Invitation to settle in this Town," but apparently he did not come.

Other early physicians were Dr. John Swett who followed Dr. Bulman, and practiced until his death in 1790. He lived on the south side of York River, and was active in town affairs. Dr. Job Lyman,* a contemporary of Dr. Swett, survived him. Their work was taken up by William Lyman and Josiah Gilman, the latter a man of positive and outspoken views, of strong prejudices, and a firm believer in the old and common practice of bleeding patients. Before they had passed away two young physicians of the newer school, Caleb Eastman and Jeremiah Putnam, commenced a practice covering fifty-six years, ending with their death in 1873 and 1877 respectively.

The first decade of the eighteenth century was a trying one for the people of the Province, and York had already suffered as had few New England towns. Land grants, wills and other conveyances of the period from 1692 to 1713 bear

*Married the daughter of Jeremiah Moulton.

pathetic evidence of its dangers, losses and sorrows. When families were broken up or wiped out of existence by the massacre of 1692, lands reverted to the town, to be regranted to newcomers, and wills provided for the possible return of relatives "in captivity with the Indians,"* or "carried captive into Canada." During the year 1704 no town record was made. "The *third* Indian war upon the inhabitants of Maine, called 'Queen Anne's War,' broke out in 1703, during which year more grants of land had been made for settling purposes than in any previous year. In the latter part of 1703 two of York's most useful and energetic citizens were killed, to wit, Arthur Bragdon, Senior, and Matthew Austin. In the years 1704-1705 the war raged furiously; also in 1706 and 1707, when the Stover family were slaughtered . . . and Benjamin Donnell, a prominent man, was slain."†

Out of the hardships and dangers of two decades of Indian warfare, there developed two leaders and colonial soldiers, Captain John Harmon and Colonel Jeremiah Moulton. The latter, a child of but four years, could remember the sack of the town and his escape through the snow. As a youth he saw the town gradually recover, to be again endangered and distressed by the third war. John Harmon had also passed through those trying days and his name had already become known and feared by the Indians. Together, in the summer of 1624, these men planned and led the third, and only successful expedition against Norridgewock which resulted in the destruction of the Indian village, the tragic death of Father Raslé, the most noted of French Catholic

*See will of Henry Milbury providing for his daughter Dorothy, "in captivity," 1695; York Wills.

†Records of Nathaniel G. Marshall.

missionaries then in New England. The destruction of this mission, and the death of this implacable leader of the insurgent Indians, marks the end of French influence among the New England Indians. York men formed a large proportion of the punitive expedition.

It is authentic tradition that either John Harmon or his kinsmen, apparently possessing an inborn hatred of the redskins, enticed a band of Indians to the shores of Meeting House Creek, in time of peace, and there killed them. Father Moody, with his accustomed vigor, denounced the act, and prophesied it would come to pass that the name of Harmon would cease to be in the town. His words have come true, although descendants under other names still dwell here. The Harmons were an old and influential family. Their houses were on the shore of York River at the Harbor.

Colonel Moulton was also sheriff of the County of York, and held various town offices. He went with Sir William Pepperrell in the expedition against Louisburg, being in command of the Third Regiment of Massachusetts troops. Many York men were under him, notably Francis Raynes and John Kingsbury. The latter, a youth of eighteen years, was wounded in the siege, and had his leg amputated by L. D. Leopold, Surgeon of the Royal Hospital and Convent at Louisburg, so says the surgeon's receipt "pour avoir fait la amputation de la jambe de Mons. Jean Kingsbury." For half a century he stumped around on a wooden leg, a useful citizen as Selectman, Justice of the Peace, and a member of the Committee on the Crisis of 1774. Colonel Moulton's son, Jeremiah, Junior, was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army and died from "army fever" in 1777. He in turn had a

son, Brigadier General Jotham Moulton, commissioned February 8th, 1776.*

By 1730 the Indians had been forced north and eastward, life and property in this locality was becoming reasonably secure, and the inhabitants had so increased that the old meeting-house was too small—meeting-houses in those days being the usual place for all public gatherings. Hence a committee was chosen and reported "that . . . an Addition be made to sd Meetin House of Nine foot at each End, that there be built a new Plain Roofe & [a steeple] at y^e^ West end." The Parish in 1744 voted to build "a new meeting house where y^e^ old one now stands, seventy feet long and fifty feet wide." Three years later, in the last days of Father Moody, the old house was torn down and the "stuff & material" went into the construction of the present First Parish church, which stood, with minor changes, until 1881, when it was remodeled to its present condition.

As in most old New England towns, affairs of the parish, land grants, acts of charity, and of public defense are all intermingled in the town records. The following scattered extracts shed light on the life of the period.

"March 12, 1727. Voted that forty pounds be raised and delivered to our reverend pastor towards the defraying the charges of Mrs. Moody's funeral."

"1730. Voted that if any person or persons are disposed to fence in the Burying Place near the Meeting House at their own cost, they have Liberty to do the same, provided it be done with a decent and sufficient fence."

"1731. Voted that the Select Men be desired to prosecute in the Law Mr. Zaccheus Trafton for entertaining John

*Catalogue of the old Gaol, p. 24, ed. 1903.

Deland contrary to Law, who is become a Town charge, if they see cause of Action: Zaccheus Trafton enters his dissent against this Vote."

"Voted that the Thanks of this Town be given to our Representative Mr. Richard Milberry, for his good Service in Standing by the Priviledges of this Province, in the General Assembly & That he be desired to continue to do the same."

"1732. Whereas John Smith hath by God's Providence lost one of [his] Leggs, & has been at great Expense in obtaining a Cure &c, Therefore granted to sd John Smith the Sum of Fifty Pounds."

Nearly every town meeting for a hundred years or more passed votes in substance as follows:

"Voted there be liberty for swine to go at large well yoked & ringed as the law directs."

"Voted that Four Pounds be paid out of the Town Stock for every grown Wolf that shall be killed within the Bounds of this Town."

At a meeting held January 28, 1734, the town did its part toward providing a court house.

"Voted that this Town will Joyn with y^{e} County in building of a Court House in this Town, which House shall be for y^{e} Use of sd County to hold Courts in & for a Town House for y^{e} Use of this Town, to meet in, on all Public Times, if they see cause: The Dementions of sd House to be as followeth, viz: Thirty Five Foot Long & Twenty eight Foot wide: Twenty Foot Stud: the lower Story Eight Feet & a Half high: the upper Eleven Feet and a Half, and y^{e} Beames of y^{e} Upper Story to be crowning, Eighteen Inches, & to have a Pitchd Roofe; both Rooms to be Plaistered & Whitewashed and well Glaized with Sash Glass, and to be Finished

with Joynery Work, according to y^e^ direction of y^e^ Committee, that are & shall be appointed by the County & Town, and yt the one Half of y^e^ Charges arrising in building & Finishing sd House, shall be bourne by this Town." Another court house was built in 1811, being, in fact, the present town hall at York Village. It probably stands a little back from the site of its predecessor. Until 1760 York was the shire town for the whole Province of Maine. Thereafter it was the shire town for the County of York until 1832, when the county offices and records were removed to Alfred. Probate Court continued to be held in York, at stated times, until 1871.

This resolution passed in town meeting, March 12, 1734:

"Whereas, It is an Indesent thing the Dogs Should be suffered to come into the Place of Publick Worship, in Time of Divine Service, & is often the occasion of great disorder & disturbance by their Quaraling & fiting . . . Therefore, Voted & enacted that if any Person, . . . shall suffer his or her Dog to come into either of the Places of Publick Worship, . . . in time of Divine Service, the Person, so offending shall Forfeit and pay to the Use of the Poor . . . the Sum of Five shillings to be Recovered by the overseers of the Poor, before any of his Majesties Justices of y^e^ Pea. in this County."

It was not without reason that many people were accustomed to bring their dogs to the church door. Sunday services were long, consuming much of the day, and those who attended from the outskirts of the town probably did not, even as late as 1734, feel wholly free from the danger of attack by a few marauding Indians not unwilling to take life by ambuscade if opportunity was presented. Within less

than a decade men had been killed in Berwick and in Kittery, and the Eastern Indians had not yet concluded the final treaty of peace with Massachusetts Bay. Moreover, the flocks were for many years to come endangered by wolves, which were under the ban of a large bounty. Hence keen and faithful dogs were many and were deemed a protection, both to life and property, and were undoubtedly quite constant companions of the masters and their families.

The territorial limits of the Borough of Agamenticus, as well as the City of Gorgeana, were defined with reasonable certainty, and in 1652 the Town of York embraced the same limits, which remain today substantially unchanged.* Aside from the lots parcelled out to the first settlers, there remained a great tract of wild and primeval land mostly lying back from the river and coast. This was the "Comon lands" held by the town, from which for good cause lots were granted by vote of the freeholders and laid out to new settlers and worthy residents. The grant would be by brief vote, of which the following is a fair example: "Granted to Mr: Sam[ll] Doniel fifteen acres of Land between the Land of Stephen Preble de[sed] and y[e] Little fresh Brook cal'd the fresh water, if he can find it Cleer of all former Grants." Subsequently the grantee would see that his grant was duly "laid out" and surveyed by the town surveyor and entered on the town records. Occasionally the vote was coupled with the condition that the grantee should "come and settle in this town." Such are quite frequent immediately following the devastation of 1692. Among the earliest and choicest

*It will be noted that the northeasterly boundary has been somewhat extended. See city limits, p. 38.

grants were those "for the use of y^e^ Ministry," some of which are still held by the First Parish.

By 1732 the remaining common lands lay well inland around Mount Agamenticus. Becoming more inaccessible, it was less practicable for the town as a body to manage them, especially to prevent trespassing and cutting of timber. Hence in that year it sought a "just & equal method to order & dispose of the Common and undivided Land." Fifteen leading citizens were constituted a committee. Some months later their report was made and rejected; "and after long Debates" and an adjournment, it was "severally put to vote how many of Eight shares each man shall have— None to have more than Eight Shares." About three hundred shareholders were thus constituted, and thenceforth became the Proprietors of the Common Lands. This body held meetings and kept its organization until about 1820. By that time all of the original tract, however remote, embraced in the grants of Gorges and his agents, had been reduced to individual possession.

In 1743 the town "Granted unto Such Person or Persons as will accept of & undertake it, Liberty to Build a Bridge at their own Cost over York River, Some where between Col. Harmons Wharfe and Mr. Donnells Point of Rocks, above the Ferry: Provided there be a sufficient way Left for Sloops to Pass & Repass, and the Inhabitants to have free liberty Pass over the Same without any thing to Pay. (Francis Raynes enters his Desent aGainst the above or last Vote.)"

"Voted that if said Bridge shall be built over said River, it Shall be, by Capt. Samuel Sewalls Wharfe. (Thomas Donnell enters his desent aGainst the Last Vote.)"

Why Francis Raynes, who lived on the other side of the river, objected to passing over both free and dryshod instead of by boat cannot be well imagined. Probably Thomas Donnell was protecting his ferry interests. This was the beginning of an agitation which, in 1757, resulted in the construction of the first pile drawbridge in America. The builder was Samuel Sewall, an engineer of wide reputation, who was engaged years later in the construction of the first Charles River bridge. Soundings were made and the length of each pile made accordingly; and all four were then joined by a cap piece and braced. This section, or pier, was then floated to its proper place and driven home by a heavy log arranged as a trip hammer, rather than as the modern pile driver. Major Sewall's plans still exist and may be seen in the Gaol Museum. Those who saw the ingeniously contrived float of Mr. George Main in the historical parade of August 5th, could gain an excellent idea of the method of construction of the original bridge. It is said that some of the original piles may still be found protruding from the mud under the present bridge, which is a substantial continuation of the original structure, repaired and strengthened from time to time to meet the increasing burdens.

In 1740 it was voted "that the Select Men take into their charge all the Great Gunns that belong to the Town & keep them in their possession, till further orders," and seven years later it was voted "That Capt. Nath[ll] Donnell, Capt. Samuel Sewall and Samuel Bragdon Jn[r] be and hereby are Impowered to dispose of the Great Guns belonging to this Town, and Purchas Smaller on [es] with the Produce of them, for the Use of this Town according to their discression, and to be dun as soon as Conveniently may be."

Two of these remained in existence until quite recent years, when the town, not realizing their historical value, in a spasm of economy allowed them to be sold as old iron for ballast to the captain of a coasting schooner. One was taken out at a down-east port and used at a Fourth-of-July celebration, where it burst. The other sunk with the schooner. How old the "Great Guns" were no one knows, but tradition says they were sent over by Gorges.

In these vigorous temperance times in the State of Maine it is of interest to learn the local sentiment of a century and a half ago relative to liquor legislation, although we do not know how stringent the proposed bill may have been.

"At a Legal Town Meeting holden in York, Aug^{t} 1, 1754, Jeremiah Moulton, Esq., chosen Moderator.

"The extract of the Bill relating to the Private Consumption of Spirituous Liquors, within this Province, with his Excellency, the Govern^{rs} Speech thereon being read, and, after mature consideration and Debate upon the same;

"Voted, That the said Bill (in the apprehention of the Town) is Grievous, burthensome and Inconsistent with the natural Rights of every private Person & Family: . . . and that Mr. John Bradbury, their Representative, not only continue his Endeavours against the said Bills passing, and thereby comply with the Sentiments of his Constituents, but also Return his Excellency the Thanks of this Town, for his Paternal care of their Rights and Privileges, so dear to them, and giving them opportunity of standing up for the same, praying his Excellency the Bill may not pass into a Law."

On November 20th, 1772, the Town of Boston, at a legal meeting received the report of its Committee of Correspondence, prepared by James Otis. There assembled, the towns-

people took issue with the King and Parliament, protesting against the raising of revenue without consent of the colonies, the appointment of unconstitutional officers, supported by fleets and armies in times of peace—twelve men-of-war were then in Boston harbor—the restrictions on manufacturers, and many other grievances. They also voted to appeal to all towns in the colony "that the collected wisdom and fortitude of the whole people might dictate measures for the rescue of their happy and glorious constitution."* "These worthy New Englanders," said Chatham, as he read the report, "ever feel as Old Englanders ought to do." Acting on this appeal the freeholders of York assembled on Monday, December 28th, 1772, and took action which was in full accord with the movement for the colonial union, so soon to take formal shape, and develop beyond the control of royal governors and their misguided sovereign.

York's action was as follows:

"1. *Resolved:* That as the Inhabitants of this Town are faithful and loyal Subjects of his Most Gracious Majesty, King George the third, they are well Intitled to his most Gracious favour; and to be protected and secured, not only in their natural and Constitutional Rights as Englishmen, Christians and Subjects; but in all and every the Rights and Priviledges contained in the Royal Charter of the Province.

"2. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this Town, that divers of those Rights, Liberties and Priviledges have been broken in upon and much Infringed, to the great Grievance of this Town, and Justly alarming to the Province.

"3. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Town, It's highly necessary some just and reasonable measures be

*Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 423.

adopted for the Speedy Redress of such Grievances, so burdensome and Distressing to us: which if made known to our most Gracious Sovereign—we cant but flatter ourselves (as our cause is so just) that would be pleased to remove them.

"4. Voted, that our Representative at the Gener[l] Court, use his utmost Influence and Endeavors for the speedy Redress of our Grievances, in such wise moderate and prudent way and manner, as shall appear to him most fit, & likely to take effect; and as his Wisdom and Judgment shall dictate.

"5. Voted, that the Clerk give out a Copy of the Proceedings of the Town at this Meeting to the Select Men, who are desired to Transmit the same to the Selectmen of Boston; with the Thanks of this Town to that Town for the early care they have taken of our Invaluable Rights and Priviledges, and the Zeal they have for preserving the same."

Thomas Bragdon, Esquire, was the town's representative at the General Court which convened at Boston, January 6, 1773, in a memorable session, which baffled Governor Hutchinson and transmitted the proceedings of Boston in organizing provincial Committees of Correspondence, to Richard Henry Lee of Virginia. Two months later the burgesses of Virginia, led by Lee, Carr and Patrick Henry, responded to the suggestions of the Massachusetts legislators, and thus laid the foundation for the union of the colonies.

While it is not claimed that York outdistanced all other towns in hurling defiance at his Brittanic Majesty, yet it is evident that its leaders were men of affairs, keen, able, and possessing in full measure the pervading spirit of free government. They knew and could draw the distinction between

so-called traitors, or revolutionists, and God-fearing Englishmen protesting against oppression. Did Otis or Hancock or Adams speak more clearly than the following expression?

"At a Meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of York, regularly assembled at the Town House, on Monday the 20th. Day of Janry, 1774,

"The Hon^{ble} John Bradbury Esq. chosen Moderator.

"The Town immediately proceed to choose a Com^{tee} namely: The Hon^{ble} John Bradbury, Esq^{r} Thomas Bragdon Esq^{r} Capt. Joseph Holt, Capt. Dan^{l} Bragdon, Capt. Edward Grow & Mr. John Kingsbury to consider in what manner the Town's Sentiments may be best expressed on the present Important Crisis, and make Report to this Meeting upon y^{e} Adjournment tomorrow.

"Voted this Meeting be Adjourned to tomorrow, two oClock afternoon.

"Upon the Adjournment viz^{t}: Tuesday Jan. 21st. two oClock afternoon:

"The said Com^{tee} Reported, which, with the Amendments, is as follows:

"The Com^{tee} appointed by the Town to Consider in what manner the Sentiments may be best express'd on the present Crisis, beg leave to Report:

"That the People in the British American Colonies, by their Constitution of Government, have a Right to Freedom, and an Exemption from every Degree of Oppression & Slavery.

"That it is an Essential Right of Freemen to have the disposal of their own Property, and not be Tax'd by any Power, over which they have no Control.

"That the Parliamentary Duty Laid upon Teas Landed in

America for the express purpose of raising a Revenue, is in Effect a Tax upon the Americans, without their consent.

"That the several Colonies and Provinces in America have ever Recognized the Protestant Kings of Great Britian as their lawful Soverign: and it doth not appear, that any Parliament have been parties to any Contract, made with the American Settlers in this howling Wilderness.

"That this Town approve the Constitution Exertions & Struggles made by the Opulent Colonies through the Continent, for preventing so fatal a Catasthrophe, as is Implied in Taxation without Representation: and that we are, and always will be ready, in every Constitutional Way, to give all assistance in our Power to prevent so Dire a Calamity.

"That a Dread of being Enslaved ourselves, and, of Transmitting the Chains to our Posterity, is the Principle Inducement to these Measures.

"Voted that the Sincere Thanks of this Town are Justly due, and hereby are given all such Persons in this, and the several Provinces & Colonies on the American Continent, especially to our Brethren of the Town of Boston, so far as they have Constitutionally exerted themselves in the Support of their Just Liberties and Privileges."

Daniel Moulton, Town Clerk, adds: "Which was Read Paragraff by Paragraff and accepted, and, thereupon Voted that the Town Clerk Transmit a fair Copy to the Town Clerk of Boston: and then the Meeting was dissolved."

The news from Lexington reached York about nine o'clock on the evening of April 20th. Before the next sundown a company of over sixty men, under Capt. Johnson Moulton, equipped and provisioned, had marched from the town and crossed the Piscataqua to join the troops around Boston.

Thus, beyond question, York has the distinction of having sent forth from the State the first soldiers in the struggle for liberty.*

On this same twenty-first of April, the remaining citizens assembled and in meeting

"Voted that the several Constables as have any of the public Moneys of this Prov^{ce} in their Hands, or have any to Gather, & have hitherto neglected to pay the same: That they forthwith Collect and pay the same to Henry Gardner, Esq^{r} agreeable to the proposal of the Provincial Congress: and that this Town will Indemnify them for their so doing.

"Voted that if the Constables are Deficient in their Collections or any part thereof, such Deficiency shall be hired and sent up by the Selectmen as soon as possible to the said Gardner.

"Voted that Messrs. John Swett, Edw^{d} Grow, Sam^{l} Harris, Joseph Grant & Jere^{h} Weare be a Com^{tee} to Correspond with the several Towns in this Province.

"Voted that there be a Military Night Watch at the Harbour's Mouth, Constantly kept: of four men each night: two on each Side and the Col^{o} of the Regiment of Militia be desired to regulate the same, and to include those of the Alarm List.

"Voted that the Selectmen at the Towns expense procure a sufficient quantity of Indian Corn, as they shall Judge necessary for the Town's Stock, & to be delt out according to their discretion."

The meeting further" Voted that the Com^{tee} of Inspection, with Jotham Moulton, Esq. Sam^{l} Junkins & Matthew Richie,

*See "Capt. Johnson Moulton's Company," address by Nathan Goold, Esq., Maine Hist. Soc. Coll., 1899.

THE SAYWARD HOUSE, YORK HARBOR.

be a Com^tee^ to Waite on Jonath^n^ Sayward, Esq. for a View of such Lett^r^ or Letters as he has receivd. from the late Gov^r^ Hutchinson, or others & make such Remarks upon the same as they think necessary & make report to this meeting on the adjournment. Town having been somewhat uneasy and disaffected with conduct of Jonathan Sayward, Esq. supposing to be not hearty & free for the support & Defence of our Rights, Liberties & Privileges in this Dark & difficult Day, but rather favoured the contrary: He came into the Meeting & made a Speach upon the Subject: Whereupon the Town Voted it was Satisfactory."

Jonathan Sayward, thus suspected of holding Tory principles, regained the confidence of his townsmen. Nothing is known to confirm their suspicion. It is not improbable that the Governor did correspond with Sayward, since the latter was a man of influence in the community and wealthy for those days. For many successive years, prior to the Revolution, he had been York's representative to the General Court at Boston. Undoubtedly he had then formed the acquaintance of Hutchinson, as a fellow representative from Boston. To men of Sayward's type and interests, and of his years, it meant much to take the irretraceable step of his townsmen on that twenty-first of April. With many other York men Sayward was in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, commanding the sloop "Sea Flower." His ancestors were mill owners as early as 1658. He engaged largely in Southern and West Indian trade. His wharves are gone, but his house stands, with its white oak sills, upon the banks of York River at the harbor. On its walls hangs the portrait by Copley of the only daughter, the beautiful Sally Sayward, together with the portraits of her parents by Blackburn, the

teacher of Copley. Sally Sayward married Nathaniel Barrell, an old York family originating in Hertfordshire, England.*

June 5th, 1776, a month before the Declaration of Independence, the town instructed Joseph Simpson, Esq., its representative, to advise the General Court: "That if the Hon^ble Congress should for the safety of the Colonies declare them Independent of the Kingdom of great Britain, they the sd inhabitants will Solemnly engage with their Lives and Fortunes to Support them in the measure."

Under date of the 12th of August of that year, recorded in the plain, even handwriting of Daniel Moulton,† for nearly forty years town clerk, appears in full the Declaration of Independence. This was spread upon the records pursuant to an order of Council, July 17, 1776, providing that "a copy be sent to the minister of each Parish and of every denomination within this State: and that they severally be required to read the same to their respective congregations as soon as divine service is ended in the afternoon of the first Lord's Day after they shall have reced it,—and after such Publication thereof to deliver the said Declaration to the clerks of their several towns . . . who are hereby required to record the same . . . there to remain as a perpetual MEMORIAL thereof."

Throughout the revolution the town's records show that it bristled with patriotism; and the part it played in the great struggle has never been adequately told. The majority, both of officers and of rank and file, who on April 21st, 1775, set

*The old Sayward house is now the summer home of Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Worcester.

†Daniel Moulton was son of Col. Jeremiah Moulton.

out on their forced march toward Lexington, later saw active service. Capt. Johnson Moulton became Lieutenant Colonel of the 7th Continental Regiment under Prescott, and took part in the Long Island campaign. Other York men in the war were Capt. James Donnell, who was in the siege of Boston, at Ticonderoga, at the surrender of Burgoyne, at Valley Forge, and at Monmouth. Another was Maj. Samuel Darby, who commanded a York County company at Valley Forge and who saw hard service elsewhere.

Bounties were repeatedly provided, guns, ammunition and clothing supplied, and every effort was apparently made to fill the town's quota; saving only one occasion in September, 1777, when meeting declined to vote money "for the encouragement of those who will enlist in the Continental Army for three years or during the War."

Less than a month previous every militia man who marched "to the Reinforcement of the American Army and continue in service, till the last of Nover. next" was voted six pounds "as a Bounty over and above . . . Wages and Rations." This action, although patriotic in intention, was but a sample of that which Gen. Washington repeatedly protested against, and from which the American forces, both north and south, suffered so much in effectiveness. During the first years of the war short enlistments and the consequent uncertainties and constant changes in the forces were a source of weakness and positive danger to the cause of independence. Other and even sufficient reasons, which do not appear of record, may have led to this action of September, 1777; we trust so. On no other occasion does it appear that York failed to aid and encourage both the Continental army and the militia.

For half a century York's foremost citizen was David Sewall. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1755, a classmate and lifelong friend of John Adams. He was admitted an attorney in 1760, and thenceforth for sixty-four years, he was closely identified with the town's interests, his name appearing on almost every recorded page of the town meetings.

It was during the administration of President Washington that he built his beautiful, stately residence, now known as Coventry Hall,* the summer home of Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D., of Washington, D. C. Here Judge Sewall entertained President Munroe on his "progress" eastward. The President traveled in his private coach, the horses being furnished en route, and the officers of the York County regiment of militia, mounted, acting as escort from the Maine line. The President was met at the Wilcox tavern by Judge Sewall and escorted with great solemnity to his mansion on the hill.

David Sewall was buried in the old burying ground. Upon his tombstone is engraved:

> Consecrated to the memory of the
> Hon. David Sewall, LL. D.
> An elevated benevolence was happily directed by an enlightened intellect. Conscientious in duty he was ever faithful in its discharge. Piety with patriarchal simplicity of manners conspired to secure him universal esteem.

*Coventry Hall is named from Coventry, England, whence Henry Sewall, son of the mayor of the town, migrated to Newbury, Mass., in 1634; from him and his wife, Jane Dummer, are descended the Sewalls of New England. For a further account of Coventry Hall and its building, with portrait of David Sewall, see the article "In an old Colonial Library," in the New England Magazine for December, 1895, by Rev. Frank Sewall.

COVENTRY HALL, FORMER MANSION OF JUDGE DAVID SEWALL, LL. D.

His home was the abode of hospitality & friendship. In him the defenceless found a protector, the poor a Benefactor, the Community a Peacemaker, Science, Social Order & Religion an efficient Patron.

Distinguished for his patriotism, talents and integrity, he was early called to important public offices which he sustained with fidelity and honor.

Having occupied the Bench of the Supreme Court of the State and District Court of the U. States with dignified uprightness for forty years without one failure of attendance, he retired from public life in 1818 and died Oct. 22, 1825 aged XC years.

DEATH but entombs the body,
LIFE the Soul.

The war of 1812 was hardly more popular in York than in most other New England seaboard towns. Yet a volunteer company was maintained, and the river's mouth was guarded by a battery on Fort Head. The ramparts there are still quite clearly defined. Moreover, on one occasion the townspeople had an opportunity to show their mettle, and they responded in no uncertain way. It happened that in the summer of 1814 the British fleet, with H. M. S. Bulwark, seventy-four guns, flagship, was blockading Portsmouth and the adjacent ports. The primary object was to destroy shipping at Kittery navy yard. The British had captured a small pink-sterned schooner named the Juno, put swivel-guns aboard and with an armed crew were capturing and burning unsuspecting coastwise craft. One Sunday while the Juno was pursuing a fisherman up the coast several of the townspeople saw the chase and with muskets hurried out to the Nubble. Concealing themselves they signalled the pursued to stand in close. In she came by the point, and the Juno

followed. As the latter passed the half dozen men behind rocks opened fire. When a Donnell fired a red-shirted sailor fell. The British ineffectually returned the shots, although a bullet spatted upon the flat rock which Donnell had placed before himself. The Juno was forced to bear off, and the fisherman escaped. The shooting and death of the British sailor was confirmed by captives then on the Juno, but who were soon after released. All this fusilade led to further alarm. A man rushed to the doorway of the First Parish meeting-house, but stood silent until Rev. Mr. Messenger finished his prayer. He then announced, "I think the British are landing on the Nubble." The congregation was dismissed, the York artillery, an independent company, mustered and with its single field-piece forthwith started to meet the enemy. When the company had reached Long Beach the cause of the alarm became known and the march ended.

The spirit which hastened those untrained militiamen to meet British seamen was the same which impelled their fathers toward Lexington on that April morning in 1775. They thought, with good reason, that the enemy was at hand, yet they did not know in what numbers; nor did they wait to learn. Forthwith they went out to meet him, prepared to do their best.

South of the meeting-house lies the old burying ground, the resting place of generations both known and forgotten. For two and a half centuries it has been God's Acre until no vacant spot remains within its enclosure, in fact today the present generation walks and drives unwittingly over the graves of its ancestors beneath the highway which has encroached upon its eastern side. Among the graves commonly pointed out is the so-called "Witch's Grave" with a

SEWALL'S BRIDGE, YORK RIVER.

"THE WITCH'S GRAVE," OLD BURYING GROUND.

heavy stone slab resting its length between the headstone and footstone, but no witch lies buried here. A century ago this woman died and was buried. Her husband was about to remove from town, and to prevent the hogs, "well yoked and rigned as the law directs and allowed to go at large," from disturbing the grave, he considerately placed the heavy stone across it.

Upon a rocky knoll, facing the old court house, is probably the oldest public building of the English colonies in America, the old county prison, built in 1653-4. On the first floor is a massive stone dungeon. On the floor above are cells of hewn oak timbers with windows grated by double and triple rows of bars. The prisoners received their food through apertures heavily barred and fortified by sections of mill saws. Undoubtedly each cell has contained as prisoners not only respectable men whose only offense was an inability to pay a small debt, but with them hardened criminals, drunkards, vagabonds and "common railers and brawlers." Still this jail could not but compare favorably with the damp, revolting prisons of other States, such as the underground cells used in Connecticut. To those prisoners who could give bond for the purpose was given the "Liberty of the yard," the "yard" consisting merely of certain prescribed limits extending each way from the Gaol. One of the limits was the door of the meeting-house "to the end Persons having the Liberty of the yard may attend Public Worship." It was not uncommon for a prisoner to be "sold for the term of three years to pay costs and charges." A schoolmaster was imprisoned for inability to "furnish bond to keep the peace"; and another of the same vocation, also styled "Gen-

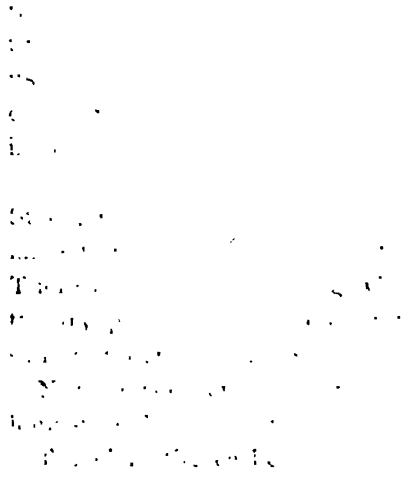
tleman," was likewise punished for "teaching school without being qualified according to law."

For more than two hundred years this old prison on the hill served to execute sentence upon evil doers. The story that its walls would tell must, from their very existence, be that of evil doing, suffering and perhaps of misguided persecution.* Its adjuncts were the stocks, and the whipping post; and from it have gone to the gallows on "Stage Neck," at York Harbor, at least two men to suffer death, while it has detained many others who were destined to receive capital punishment. Its erection marks the downfall of a promising Royalist colony, a community which enjoyed the favor of its ill-fated sovereign, and was the extravagant hope of its Lord Palatine. For more than a generation there were those in Maine who wore with ill ease the collar of Massachusetts Bay; and may not these stout old walls have been so promptly built not only to punish lawlessness, but also to be a veiled warning to those who would still in secret drink the health of the son of King Charles? The Gaol has now come to a happier use under the care of the York Historical and Improvement Society, which maintains it as a museum of local antiquities. Here the society has secured from the townspeople a loan collection of heirlooms and relics which does credit to bygone days in the old town.

Two of the colonial taverns remain at the Village, although both have long since ceased to be public houses and are now spacious summer residences of descendants of former owners. One, the old Wilcox Tavern, was built by Edward Emerson on land leased from the Parish. Its rear door opens directly

*For further account of the old Gaol see introductory article by the writer, appearing in catalogue of Museum at Gaol, 1903.

THE OLD WILCOX TAVERN—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. WALTER M. SMITH.



among the graves of the burying ground, where close at hand lies Norton Woodbridge, its keeper in Revolutionary days. It passed to Captain Wilcox, a gentleman of the old school, and has sheltered many men famous in state and national affairs, notably John Adams and James Munroe. It is now owned by Walter M. Smith, Esq., of Stamford, Connecticut.

The other tavern has passed down to Hon. Edward O. Emerson, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, a descendant of an old York family. In Revolutionary days it was occupied by Paul Dudley Woodbridge, an ardent loyalist, whose sign expressly stated that here was entertainment for none but patriots.

The old Stacy Tavern, demolished in 1870, deserves a word of remembrance. It was located on the brow of the hill on the southerly side of Meeting House Creek, near the bridge. In earliest days, before the Saywards built the dam across the mouth of the creek for their tide mills, this water was navigable for small craft up to the tavern. An old timber taken from it, marked "1634," indicates the year of its erection. The house was notable for the great size of its chimney, which was said to have been so built as to include in its foundation a considerable part of the cellar. It was a popular meeting place a century and more ago. William Stacy, who lived in the tavern, was on the Ranger and landed with Paul Jones at the burning of Whitehaven. There are those still living who remember the old Revolutionary pensioner, who so often told his boyhood experiences sailing under the little Scotchman.

Numerous other old taverns, and quasi public houses, have long since disappeared or wholly changed in character.

Travel in the earliest days was either by boat along the

coast to adjacent ports, mostly to the south, or by mere bridle paths skirting the shore. Of course there were highways before 1700, but they could hardly have been wrought roads. Those first mentioned are not formally laid out, but are simply strips "a pole and a half or two poles wide" reserved as a path or way in making grants, the exact location being determined largely by subsequent usage. The first highway to be duly laid out and recorded was in 1699, being known as the "County Road Through the Town." It extended from Wells over the seawall of Long Sands, through York Village and on to Berwick, with a branch to "the lower End of the Town . . . along a way as has Bin formerly" to the Sayward mill. One of the very earliest ways was down over Stage Neck, across the ferry to the south side of York River, through or near the Allen estate, thence on to Brave Boat Harbor to another ferry, and continuing to the Piscataqua plantations. William Hilton, before referred to, a man of great physical size and strength, was the ferryman at Stage Neck. The first recorded act of the new town in 1652 was that Hilton shall have the use of the ferry for twenty years, "and he is duly to attend the sd. ferry with Cannoes sufficient for the safe transportation both of strangers and Townsmen." The toll was "two pence a piece every stranger & four pence apiece for every beast or horse which he swimmeth over, or that are swum over by any strangers themselves." Other ferries were established farther up York River, one just below the site of Sewall's Bridge, and another near Rice's Bridge. Sylvester Stover also had a ferry at Cape Neddick in 1652.

Soon after 1710 a line of post riders was established extending from Portsmouth as far as Philadelphia, and a

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF HON. E. O. EMERSON, YORK VILLAGE.
Paul Dudley Woodbridge Tavern—1776.

little later into Virginia. Doubtless from this time, or at least after the close of Indian hostilities in 1713, York was in regular weekly communication with towns to the south. In those early days of the post the weekly mail would probably consist of little more than a dozen letters, a package or two, and a few copies of the News-Letter (1704), or the Boston Gazette (1719), or the New Hampshire Gazette (1756). Probably more travel and news matter passed by water than overland. But by Revolutionary times a regular system of post riders passed through, and as far north as Falmouth, now Portland. The writer has no definite information as to when the first line of coaches, or stages, made regular trips through the town. Not unlikely it was as early as 1770.

A century and more ago the population of York was somewhat larger than is its strictly resident population today; but its property valuation was probably not one-tenth as much. The West India trade was considerable, as was the coastwise shipping. Also fishermen sailed both to the Grand Banks and to "Georges" as late as 1850. It was not uncommon for schooners and some larger craft to be built along the shores of York River. One shipyard was well up river in the vicinity of Scotland,* and another near Marshall's wharf, below Sewall's Bridge. The latter yard and adjoining wharf property were in very early times an active place of business. Donnell's ferry was at this point, and later Capt. Joseph Tucker, in Revolutionary times and for some years later, carried on business here and built several vessels. Capt. Tucker was a man of considerable prominence in town affairs and a representative to the General Court at Boston. His

*A schooner was built inland near "Beech Ridge" and hauled to the launching place by oxen.

dwelling house, located at the head of his wharf, was removed about 1870, and much of its timber entered into the original structure embraced in the present Yorkshire Inn at the Harbor. Other points of commercial activity were Captain Samuel Sewall's wharf, on the south side of the river near the bridge which bears his name; also the Sayward wharves of very early times, later owned by the Barrells, located just south of the present railroad bridge. Below these were those of the Harmons, the Varrells and the early Donnells. From Cape Neddick River the old-fashioned sloops and smaller schooners carried on a general coastwise traffic, especially the shipping of wood and lumber.

The schooners of a century ago, and less, did not average near one hundred tons burden, while the ships did not, as a rule, exceed three hundred tons. We say that they and their cargoes were small and insignificant. True it is; but those were the days of small things commercially, measured by the vast industries of today. Yet then the great commercial activity of New England seaports consisted largely in the traffic of just such craft as sailed in and out of the port of York, a town of far greater relative population than now. Had it kept relative pace numerically with Boston since the close of the Revolution it would now be a city of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants. Of course no clipper ships sailed out of this little river with its swift current and devious channel, but from the town have hailed some of their finest captains.

It must have been about the middle of the last century that the future of York seemed least inviting. The steam railroad had been built inland, avoiding the town and diverting the travel which had hitherto passed through by stage coach, and

which made "Marm Freeman's" at Cape Neddick one of the famous taverns on the post road between Boston and Portland. It had also ceased to be the shire town, the courts were removed, and moreover, the shipping had dwindled to the few coasters and fishermen.

The town's new industry began in the early seventies, when the first summer hotels and cottages were built; and travelers, leaving the cars at Portsmouth, arrived in town dusty and weary from the ten miles' jaunt in a rocking stage-coach. But the air was invigorating, its wooded drives and quiet elm-shaded highways were attractive, and its firm, smooth beaches were unsurpassed. The steam railroad came in 1887 and supplanted the stage coach; hotels and boarding-houses multiplied and improved, and substantial cottages of summer residents more thickly dotted its rocky shores. The growth of the town as a summer resort, to which all energies are now more or less directly turned, has been especially rapid during the last six or eight years. Within its limits have been developed four quite distinct summer villages, York Harbor, York Beach and York Cliffs, beyond Cape Neddick River. Also along the sea wall betwixt "Long Sands" and "Bear Berry Marsh" of olden days, facing a splendid beach a mile and a half in length, is the fourth community, known as Long Beach. Even York Village, from earliest days the town's center in public affairs, is now being invaded by summer residents, not including those who come back to open ancestral halls. Thus "these parts," with a resident population of a trifle less than three thousand, annually, between the months of June and September, expand into a community of nearly ten thousand souls, who, to quote a Puritan soldier stationed in York two centuries

ago, possess and are bent on "an abundance of levity," even though many come from Massachusetts Bay.

Unlike many old New England towns York is not now decadent. Probably the man does not live who will see the town become of importance in commerce or in manufacturing industries. Its development is set along other lines which largely preclude the activities of commercial life. Its prosperity lies in its cool, bracing air, its pure brooks and ponds, the winding tidal river, rugged shore line and firm beaches, in its green fields and groves of hickory, oak and pine. Nature has been lavish to this old town; and its association with the beginnings of New England add a certain character and charm to its quiet nooks and corners. Thus naturally it has come to be the summer home of hundreds who here seek health, recreation or rest.

York is a better town today than ever before, and its abiding prosperity and a surpassing future can best be assured by the well-directed energy of even a score of its citizens, mindful to preserve its natural beauties and zealous for every well directed civic movement.

To use words from a prediction by its old Lord Palatine, may it speedily become, even as never before, a "Fair Towne . . . a very flourishing place."

HON. EDWARD C. MOODY,
York,
Petitioner to Town Meeting for Observance of 250th Anniversary.

1652 1902

Program

OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Town of York, Maine,

AUGUST 5, 1902.

OFFICERS.

The Committee of the Town of York appointed at the Town Meeting, March, 1902:

Mr. J. Perley Putnam,
Mr. Joseph P. Bragdon,
Mr. William T. Keene,
Mr. Malcolm McIntire,
Mr. Henry Plaisted,
Mr. Samuel T. Blaisdell,
Mr. William O. Barrell,
Mr. Josiah N. Norton,
Mr. Charles H. Junkins,
Mr. Harry H. Norton,
Mr. George F. Plaisted,
Mr. J. Howard Preble,
Mr. George E. Marshall,
Mr. Joseph W. Simpson,
Mr. Daniel Weare,
Mr. John F. Plaisted.

The Joint Committee of the Town and the Old York Historical and Improvement Society:

Mr. J. Perley Putnam,
Mr. George F. Plaisted,
Mr. William T. Keene,
Mr. Walter M. Smith,
Hon. E. O. Emerson,
Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D.

General Secretary,	Mr. George F. Plaisted,
Treasurer,	Mr. Wilson M. Walker,
President of the Day,	Mr. Walter M. Smith,
Marshal of the Parade,	Mr. J. Perley Putnam.

Committee on the Program and Invitations—Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D., Hon. Edward O. Emerson, Mr. Walter M. Smith.

SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

ON HISTORIC PARADE.

Frank D. Marshall, LL. B., Mrs. James T. Davidson, Mrs. F. Doubleday, Mrs. Hungerford, Miss Mary Louise Smith, Miss Theodosia Barrell, Miss Katherine E. Marshall, Miss Ruth Putnam, Miss Florence Paul, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Mrs. George L. Cheney, Miss Rachel K. Sewall, Miss Constance Emerson, Miss Elizabeth T. Sewall, Miss Ellen M. Dennett.

ON MUSIC.

Mr. George F. Plaisted.

ON THE WATER CARNIVAL.

Messrs. Freeman Sewall, Eugene Sewall, Burleigh Davidson, Russell Cheney.

ON FIREWORKS.

Mr. Walter M. Smith.

ON ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. W. T. Keene,	Mr. N. H. Shattuck,
Mr. Joseph P. Bragdon,	Mr. Samuel A. Preble,
Hon. John C. Stewart,	Hon. E. O. Emerson,
Mr. W. M. Walker,	Mr. Frank D. Marshall.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

Mr. George F. Plaisted, Mr. Edwin D. Twombly,
Mr. William J. Neal.

MR. J. PIERPONT P[illegible]NAM,
York,
Chairman of Board of Selectmen.

MR. J. PERLEY PUTNAM,
York,
Chairman of Board of Selectmen.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3rd,

A UNION RELIGIOUS SERVICE OF THANKFUL COMMEMORATION

will be held in the

MEETING HOUSE OF THE "FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST" IN YORK VILLAGE, ORGANIZED 1662,

WITH THE MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME,

AND ADDRESSES BY THE REV. ELIHU SNOW, ON THE

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE AND CUSTOMS,

AND BY THE REV. SIDNEY K. PERKINS, ON

THE CHURCHES AND MINISTERS OF THE TOWN OF YORK.

The REV. D. C. ABBOTT will describe the beginning of the "Methodist," and the REV. JOHN A. GOSS that of the "Christian" Church movements.

Organist and Music Director, Miss Katherine E. Marshall.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5TH.

At sunrise and sunset a Salute will be fired from the Palo Alto Gun on Paul Hill under direction of the Hon. Edward C. Moody, and the Church Bells will be rung.

THE PARADE.

Mr. J. Perley Putnam, Marshal.

Aids.

Mr. W. J. Simpson,	Mr. Frank H. Ellis,
Mr. W. T. Keene,	Mr. Jos. P. Bragdon,
Mr. A. M. Bragdon,	Mr. Fred G. Winn.

The Parade will form at 9 o'clock A. M., at York Beach, and at 10 A. M. will move by Long Beach and York Harbor to York Village and York Corner, returning to York Village for Commemoration Exercises.

ORDER OF PARADE.

Marshal and Aids.
Mounted Escort.
The Marine Band of the Navy Yard at Kittery, Me.
Detachment of United States Marines, Captain Russell, commanding.
Historical Parade Illustrating
Incidents and Characters in the History of York.
Kearsarge Fife and Drum Corps.
Floral Parade.
The Public Schools.

TABLEAUX ON FLOATS.

I.

1614.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,

Unfolding his "Great Map of New England" before Prince Charles, who names this locality Boston, and Mt. Agamenticus "Snadoun Hill."

II.

1631-2.

COL. WALTER NORTON,

and Colonists from Bristol, England, sent by Gorges to take possession "by which the foundation of the plantation was laid."

III.

1642.

Colonel

THOMAS GORGES, Mayor of Gorgeana,

Roger Garde, Recorder; "Sergants of Ye White Rod," and Aldermen.

IV.

1652.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY

assumes control. Right Worshipful Sir Richard Bellingham and Sheriff Norton. Edward Godfrey refuses to submit, resolving to exercise jurisdiction "until it shall please Parliament otherwise to order."

Col.

HON. EDWARD O. EMERSON,
Titusville, Pa.,
Executive Committee.

V.

1692.

SACK AND MASSACRE

by French and Indians. Killing of Rev. Shubael Dummer, first pastor of the Parish, at his house near Roaring Rock.

VI.

CHRISTIAN SACHEM St. Aspinquid of Mt. Agamenticus.

VII.

1745-47.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL

presenting Col. Jeremiah Moulton with silver tankard, a gift from King George II. for valiant conduct at Louisburg.

VIII.

1761.

MAJOR SAMUEL SEWALL

builds "The Great Bridge" over York River; first pile drawbridge in America.

IX.

1774.

DANIEL MOULTON,

Town Clerk, in Town Meeting reading "paragraph by paragraph," the resolutions asserting of "Right to Freedom," protesting against taxation without representation, and pledging support "especially to . . . brethren of the Town of Boston."

X.

1775.

VOLUNTEERS

("Men of the Alarm List") under Capt. Johnson Moulton, responding to the call from Lexington, April 21st, 1775—first troops to leave Maine in the struggle for independence.

XI.

1816.

PRESIDENT MONROE

received by Judge David Sewall, escorted by officers of First Regiment of Maine Militia.

XII.

CHARACTERS.

The Tithing Men.
Pirate Trickey weaving his rope of sand.
Palo Alto Cannon and veteran of Mexican War.
Our Visitors from Auld Lang Syne.

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES,

On the Green, in the Rear of the Town Hall.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5th, 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

MUSIC, THE MARINE BAND,

R. L. Reinewald, Bandmaster.

1. GRAND MARCH, "Tannhauser," *Wagner*
2. OVERTURE, "Fest," *Leutner*
3. INTERNATIONAL FANTASIA, on Patriotic "Airs of Two Continents," arr. by *Rollinson*

The Hon. Edward C. Moody will introduce the President of the Day, Mr. Walter M. Smith

INVOCATION—The Rev. David B. Sewall, former Pastor of the First Parish Church.

READING OF PSALM CXV.—The Rev. D. C. Abbott of the Methodist Church.

COMMEMORATIVE HYMN, *Isaac Watts*

Tune—("St. Martin's.")

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known,
His words of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

MR. GEORGE F. PLAISTED,
York,
Secretary of Executive Committee.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His words
But practice His commands.

CITIZENS' WELCOME, by the Hon. John C. Stewart.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS, by the President of the Day.

ORATION, by the Hon. James Phinney Baxter, President of the Maine Historical Society and of the New England Genealogical and Historical Society.

SINGING, led by the Band, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Short addresses by distinguished guests, among whom will be Thomas Nelson Page, Litt. D., Samuel L. Clemens ["Mark Twain"], Litt. D., President Tucker of Dartmouth College, Francis L. Stetson, Esq., of New York, the Honorable Thomas B. Reed of New York and Major General Joshua L. Chamberlain, Ex-Governor of Maine.

SINGING.—"America."

BENEDICTION.—The Rev. Sidney K. Perkins.

OPEN AIR CONCERT BY THE MARINE BAND,

On the Village Green, from 6.30 to 7.30 P. M.

ILLUMINATED BOAT PARADE,

On Lake Gorges from 8 to 9 o'clock.

FIREWORKS.

Promptly at 9 o'clock will begin an Aerial Display of Fireworks from the south shore of Lake Gorges, under the management of the celebrated Pain Co.

The Maine Historical Society, at the invitation of the Committee, have made this celebration their Field Day for the present year. They will attend a reception given them by the Rev. and Mrs. Frank Sewall, at Coventry Hall, the old "Judge Sewall Mansion," between five and six o'clock.

The OLD JAIL, erected in 1653 and still preserving its dungeons, court-room and sheriff's residence, now devoted to a Colonial Museum of valuable local relics, household utensils, books, manuscripts, commissions, coats-of-arms, etc., will be open to visitors from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Admission, 15 cents. Catalogues and Views for sale.

RECEPTION ROOM.

The upper hall in the Town House will be set apart as a reception room, for the convenience, during the day, of guests from abroad.

S. WALL, D. D.,
Washington, D. C.,
Program and

REV. FRANK SEWALL, D. D.,
Washington, D. C.,
Chairman Committee on Program and Invitations.

Card of Invitation.

1652-1902

The Joint Committee of the

TOWN OF YORK, MAINE,

and the Old York Historical and Improvement Society
have the honour to invite

to be present at the Celebration of the

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

of the

Incorporation of the Town

To be held

On the Meeting-House Green of York Village, on
Tuesday, August Fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Two at
Two o'clock in the afternoon.

J. PERLEY PUTNAM, *Chairman.*

FRANK SEWALL,
EDWARD O. EMERSON,
WALTER M. SMITH,
Committee on Invitations.

Guests Present.

Acceptances were received from the following invited guests, who were seated on the platform with the officers of the day during the exercises of Aug. 5th on the Village Green: The President, Secretary and Visiting Members of the Maine Historical Society; Mr. Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court of the United States; Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Ex-Gov. of Maine; Woodbury Langdon, Esq., New York; Francis Lynde Stetson, Esq., New York; Dr. J. B. Ayer, Boston; Hon. Edward S. Marshall, York; John J. Loud, Esq., Weymouth, Mass.; J. Windsor Brathwaite, Esq., Kennebunkport; A. G. Cumnock, Esq., Lowell, Mass.; Hon. Thomas B. Reed, New York; William Dean Howells, Litt. D., New York; Thomas Nelson Page, Litt. D., Washington, D. C.; Samuel L. Clemens, Litt. D., New York; President Tucker, Dartmouth College; Ex-Gov. F. W. Rollins, New Hampshire; Charles Eustis Hubbard, Esq., Boston; Hon. Augustus F. Moulton, Portland.

Letters of appreciation and regret were received from the following: The President of the United States; His Excellency the Governor of Maine; His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts; the Honorable William P. Frye, U. S. Senator; the Honorable Eugene Hale, U. S. Senator; President Eliot of Harvard University; President Hyde of Bowdoin College; Hon. W. H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy; Hon.

James O. Bradbury of Saco; Capt. John Dennett of the U. S. Revenue Service; Charles Ray Palmer, LL. D., New Haven, Conn.; Charles F. Adams, Esq., Boston; John Fogg, Esq., New York; William Bruce King, Esq., Washington, D. C.; James D. Smith, Esq., New York; Ex-Governor Henry B. Cleaves of Portland; Maj. Gen. Augustus B. Farnham, Adjutant General of Maine.

Persons who Took Part in the Historic Tableaux, August 5, 1902.

Historic Float I.—Capt. John Smith unfolding the "Great Map of New England" before Prince Charles. Capt. Smith, Dr. E. C. Cook; Prince Charles, Clarence Grant; Pages, Lewis Raynes and Marshall Putnam.

Float II.—Col. Walter Norton and Colonists from England taking possession in behalf of Gorges. Col. Norton, Everett Goodwin; Colonists, Percy Boyd, Elmer Patch, Aug. Hanson, Arthur Baker, Miss Lucy Johnson and Miss Mary Hanson.

Float III.—Thomas Gorges, mayor of Gorgeana, Roger Garde, Recorder, and "Sergants of Ye White Rod" and Aldermen. Sir Thomas, John Regan; Roger Garde, Walter Hammil; Sergeants, Joseph and Elroy Moulton; Aldermen, John Dowd and Elwin Webster.

Float IV.—Massachusetts Bay Colony's assumption of authority. Right Worshipful Sir Richard Bellingham and Sheriff Norton. Edward Godfrey refuses to submit. Sir Richard, Roy Titcomb; Sheriff Norton, B. S. Woodward; Godfrey, William Staples.

Float V.—Sack and Massacre by French and Indians. Killing of Rev. Shubael Dummer. Dummer, Arthur Bragdon; French and Indians, Harvey Goodwin, Dallas Bickford, Edw. Woodward and Raymond Brewster.

Float VI.—Christian Sachem St. Aspinquid, Howard Goodwin.

MR. WILLIAM T. KEENE,
York,
Executive Committee.

Float VII.—Sir William Pepperrell presenting Col. Jeremiah Moulton with silver tankard, a gift from King George II., for valiant conduct at Louisburg. Sir William, Samuel Thompson; Col. Jeremiah Moulton, Edward Thompson.

Float VIII.—Building of Sewall's Bridge by Major Samuel Sewall. Major Sewall, Geo. Main; assistants, Jefferson Main, Benjamin Kimball, Ed. Kimball and Josiah Murphy.

Float IX.—Town Clerk Daniel Moulton reading the first declaration of independence, "paragraph by paragraph." Daniel Moulton, Willis G. Moulton.

No. X.—Minute Men. George Gray, captain; Chas. Blake, 1st lieutenant; forty men from York Volunteer Fire Company.

Float XI.—President Monroe, received by Judge David Sewall. President Monroe, John Young; Judge Sewall, William Card.

Float XII.—Pirate Trickey, binding sand with a rope, Gardner Donnell. Palo Alto Cannon, 1847 and 1865. Our Visitors from Auld Lang Syne.

The excellence of the historical parade was due to the indefatigable efforts of the special committee on Historic Parade, Frank D. Marshall, Esq., Mrs. James T. Davidson, Mrs. F. Doubleday, Mrs. Hungerford, Miss Mary Louise Smith, Miss Theodosia Barrell, Miss Katharine E. Marshall, Miss Ruth Putnam, Miss Florence Paul, Miss Rachel Kenyon Sewall, Miss Elizabeth Trufant Sewall, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Mrs. George L. Cheney and Miss Ellen M. Dennett.

The ladies of the Committee rode in the stage-coach from York Beach to the Village Green wearing costumes suitable to "Our Visitors from Auld Lang Syne."

Commemorative Exercises on the Village Green.

The Hon. Edward C. Moody addressed the assemblage as follows:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens:*

"In the warrant calling the annual town meeting of York held March 13th this present year, an article appeared on the petition of six men—Wilson M. Walker, Albert M. Bragdon, A. H. Bowden, W. T. Keene, E. F. Hobson and one other —To see if the town would vote to commemorate its 250th anniversary. It so voted. The York Historical Society joined hands with the town. The booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, the strains of martial music, the elaborate decorations, the passing of the splendid parade through our streets, all speak thus far in memory of the olden days. And now we shall be told of those who founded and fostered this ancient borough.

"'What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice, and came:
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God—and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
With rugged toil
Dragged from the soil
The thrice gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty filled the haggard mountain side;
And when his work was done, without memorial died.

M[illegible] W[illegible] M[illegible] S[illegible]
[illegible]
P[illegible]

MR. WALTER M. SMITH,
Stamford, Conn.,
President of the Day.

No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame:
He lived, he died—I do not know his name.
No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones:
Only a cheerful village stands,
Built by his hardened hands;
Only one thousand homes,
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes;
These are his monuments, and these alone—
There is no form of bronze; and no memorial stone.'

"My friends, I am not here to weary you. It is a public honor, my personal pleasure, to present to you the President of the York Historical Society as the President of the day, Mr. Walter M. Smith."

MR. SMITH'S REMARKS.

Mr. Moody, Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the distinguished honor of presiding over this assembly I am indebted, sir, to your committee. I thank you for your kindly introduction. In making my grateful acknowledgment of your courtesy, I desire to voice the sentiment of your committee, and of your fellow townsmen, in according to you, sir, the inception of the movement which has culminated in this tribute to Old York.

Shall we not, with grateful hearts, reverently bow our heads while Rev. David B. Sewall asks God's blessing upon this gathering.

Then followed the invocation by the Rev. David B. Sewall, former pastor of the First Parish Church.

This was followed by the reading of Psalm CXV by the

Rev. S. C. Abbott, of the Methodist Church, and the singing of the Commemorative Hymn by Isaac Watts, "Let Children Hear the Mighty Deeds."

The following letter from the President of the United States was then read:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, July 23, 1902.

My dear Sir:

Your favor of the 19th instant has been received, and the President has requested me to assure you that he warmly appreciates the cordial invitation which you extend to him.

It would afford the President genuine pleasure to be present at the celebration to which you refer, and he regrets that plans already made will preclude him from sending an acceptance.

Thanking you in the President's behalf for your thoughtfulness and courtesy, believe me,

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. CORTELYOU,

Secretary to the President.

MR. FRANK SEWALL,

Chairman, etc.,

York Village, Maine.

After the Commemorative Hymn followed remarks of the President introducing Hon. John C. Stewart:

"*Sons and Daughters of York, Honored Guests:*

"Those of you who went forth in the morning and have returned in the evening of your days to pay this mark of respect to the Old Home, I greet you and bid you welcome.

"For two hundred and fifty years York has been the synonym of unstinted hospitality. It is my privilege to present to you one of her most respected citizens, who will extend to you her old-time cordial welcome.

"I have the pleasure of introducing to you Hon. John C. Stewart."

HON. JOHN C. STEWART,
York.

CITIZENS' WELCOME, BY HON. JOHN C. STEWART.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To extend to you the welcome of the citizens of York is especially pleasing because of the presence of so many of our non-citizen residents, whom we, as a body of citizens, for the first time meet in a common assemblage. For many years you have been coming and going, seeing and meeting us as we have seen and met you without becoming really acquainted with each other. You will, I know, pardon me if I take some of my time in telling you who we are and what we think of you.

Consulting your maps you will find midway between Altruria on the south and Carnegia on the north a small country bearing a strange and almost unpronounceable name, the ancient appellation of the territory which we recognize as "Old York." Formerly it was inhabited by a race of people honest, hardy, peaceable, home-loving. Jealous of their own rights they were careful not to infringe those of their neighbors. Some cultivated the soil, while others roamed the sea. Their flocks and herds delighted some, while others boasted of their rule over the ocean and idolized their trim and stately vessels. "Mild-eyed" oxen were their beasts of burden and furnished their motive power. They had little money and very little use for what they had. Their necessities were few and were readily supplied by their farms and the sea. Their lands descended from father to son and were very rarely alienated. Did ambition seize one of our sons and drag him from his ancestral home he was mourned as are all prodigals, and, if he returned, was received with the welcome of his class. Sometimes we heard of his success in

the great world beyond, but still we mourned his absence and only mentioned him as a warning to others.

One summer, many, many years ago, an adventurer from your world came among us. We received him kindly, never dreaming of the result. The next year he returned and brought one or two of you with him. You were so well pleased that you brought some of your friends the next year. They, in turn, had friends who desired to see our pleasant country. They came and we began to realize that the "ruthless invader" had taken possession of our territory. You roamed our pastures at will without asking our consent and sometimes forgot to put up the bars, or close the gate after you passed through. Occasionally a stone wall fell as you climbed it and you did not know how to rebuild it. Our cattle and sheep seemed to catch your restless spirit and began to wander from their confines. We preferred our mutton and beef on the hoof but were compelled to put it on the table. Then you wanted to build summer homes for yourselves. You wanted to purchase our ancestral acres. You tempted us with money. The first Charles had granted the original patent to our ancestor and we cherished that document almost as much as we did our land. Part with our heritage? Never! We locked our doors and pulled down our curtains that we might not even see you pass! Still you persisted. You wearied us by your constant importunings and in a moment of weakness we yielded. We took your money; you got our land! When we realized what we had done remorse seized us. Our ancestors had toiled for ages to make these acres what they were and we had sold them for *your* money! Apparently you felt no remorse or regrets. You built tasty and, to our minds, luxurious residences.

Then you wanted more land! We declined to sell it. You added more money to the already tempting pile. We took it! You built other houses. Then you demanded roads. We refused to build them. You appealed to the courts and forced us to yield. The old stage coach running to Portsmouth, N. H., three times a week began to make daily trips. Its advent no longer called all the inhabitants of the village together. Still you were not satisfied. You must have a railroad. That brought more of you and you demanded the trolley. Here we drew the line. No devilish "broom-stick train" should destroy our quiet abode. It is here.

And today, for the citizens of York, I extend to you our most cordial and hearty welcome. You have improved our homes, built our schoolhouses, repaired our churches, given us roads equal to any in the country towns of our state, brought the markets of the world to our doors, established libraries for our use, and seem constantly to be planning for our welfare. We appreciate all these things. Whatever of prejudice there may have been in the past is gone. You have been our friends. We are yours.

And now to the worthy sons of a proud ancestry who have gone out into other parts, and who come home today to participate in these festivities, we say "Welcome." The blood of the Moulton, the Bradbury, the Sayward, the Norton, the Brackett, the Raines, the Sewall and scores of equally deserving ancestors has made itself felt in every state and territory in the Union. We welcome you today to the home of your ancestors.

To the strangers who are with us we give a most hearty welcome. You come from all walks of life to aid us in celebrating this day. We appreciate your presence. And while

we make it a festal day I would recall the early struggles of our ancestors in conquering the wilderness with its savage inhabitants, their patriotism for their sovereign, the king of Great Britain; their love of freedom which led them to draft in yonder church the first Declaration of Independence ever written in America and send it by special messenger to the "Selectmen of the town of Boston" with the message that should their town decide to throw off its allegiance to King George they would aid them "with their fortunes and their lives"; the great struggle for liberty which followed a few years later and made this day possible.

Introductory Address by the President of the Day.

The citizen, the perennial visitor, the stranger within our gates, are all gathered here, fittingly to celebrate with us the birthday of dear old York. I am glad we are here today, and that we have the privilege of uniting heart and hand and voice in this grand demonstration of love and affection for this spot, so sacred to many of us with tender memories.

Even yonder churchyard pays silent tribute to this theme, and to those who at their country's call passed on.

If Old York has one distinction more than another, it is that she stands alone in her historic associations. We are most happy in having as our guests today a large delegation of the Maine Historical Society. Their honored President also represents in the same capacity the New England Genealogical Society: there is no man in the state better qualified to tell us who and what we are.

I have the honor, and the very great pleasure, of intro-

ducing to you as orator of the day, Honorable James P. Baxter of Portland.

Here followed the oration, by the Hon. James Phinney Baxter, president of the Maine Historical Society and of the New England Genealogical and Historical Society.

Led by the band, the assembly now sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

President's Remarks Continued.

We have upon the platform men representative of the bench and the bar, the peers of any in the world; others renowned in literature and the arts; we have those who, by their magic pen, have expressed in poetry and prose their thoughts so eloquently that they have turned our hearts to laughter as they have moved our eyes to tears. The educators of our youth are here, as are the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic. The humorist whom all Americans delight to honor; the soldier who has carried our flag to victory, who when called upon responded with the best that was in him.

The hardest task of your chairman has now befallen him, in that he has given his word that some of these will not be called upon to serve at the feast to which you have been invited; nevertheless, they are here to honor Old York, and for this we love them.

We will first have a word from that veteran Christian soldier and patriot who has four times been elected Governor of Maine, and while he needs no introduction to an Old York audience, I am proud to present to you, General Joshua L. Chamberlain.

Remarks of General Chamberlain at the York Celebration.

Mr. President, and Gracious Friends:

I am not one of your appointed speakers; I am one of your relics. I had the honor some time ago of giving the "sermon" at the re-dedication of your historic old church here: and I dare say your Committee of Arrangements thought that was enough of my preaching for one generation. But now, called up by your courtesy to speak, even amidst these great men whose words are eagerly heard far and wide over the land and beyond the seas, some ancient blood in me gives the boldness to offer what I may among the testimonies of the day.

Carlyle has said, in that epigrammatic style by which one aspect of truth is put for the truth itself, "The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a world for us." In one way, this is true; and it bears no blame to us. We cannot store in our treasuries of remembrance all the good deeds, nor write on enduring tablets or even hold in mind at once, the names of all those who have done brave work for man. It would be like trying to keep a list of all the great-grandfathers we have had. A century or two of that reckoning would break down our understanding.

But this truism is not perfect truth. We do not forget the service, nor the men and women, that have had part in making our life and lot. We cannot keep a list of all their names; but only of those whom circumstances, favorable or adverse, have made conspicuous,—not necessarily for that, the most deserving. But the story of their deeds we cherish, and the transmitted power of their spirits we feel, as part of

MAJOR GEN. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN,
Brunswick, Maine.

the great life to which we belong. The impressive ceremonial of this day,—this assemblage of strength and beauty all attuned to one high harmony of honoring remembrance, shows the great laws on a mightier side. Today you both accept and discriminate the truth in that epigram of the forgotten. Indeed, to have uttered it is to remember the forgotten. And today you prove that you remember those men and women gone from sight, even those without a recorded name, the relics of whose brave work remain in picturesque and venerated form, and whose well-doing still lives, absorbed into our lives.

Perhaps it is a peculiarity of human life that it is a continuity. A specific difference this, from other earthly lives. With us, too, all things change and pass; but their effects are transmitted and multiply, even though often transmuted into unrecognizable identities. None of us lives to self, nor wholly dies. Man's work is largely of inheritance. It is something more than evolution; it is by a spiritual selection that is different from natural selection. "Survival of the fittest," indeed; but what or who shall be called the fittest? Not, surely, the strongest of body only, nor chiefly; but the spiritually strongest. And who shall analyze this, in its powers and offices?

We are interested in the things of ancient use. Their quaintness of form and simplicity of arrangement please us,—if they sometimes amuse us. We are glad somebody has dug up the stumps and got the stones out of the fields, and smoothed the way to our ease and comfort. But such things as these are not what we most truly respect. It is the spirit that bravely faced these difficulties,—the courage and fortitude which overcame the obstacles of nature and the assaults

of enemies, savage or civilized. We look even with reverence at that life which prepared the way for ours. I do not say, for better things; for we are not sure that life is better now, looking at its essential truth and character, its manhood and womanhood. It is the strong characters which we honor, and are proud to claim as our predecessors. What if they are not, in a mere physical way, our ancestors? We are the inheritors of those whose powers and virtues we honor and love. They are in truth our progenitors,—those whose spirit has been received into our own. Through liking we take on likeness.

Those whose names we honor today, and the many whose names have been transcribed to unseen rolls, we recognize in the continuity of life, the inheritance of example, the persistence of vitalizing ideas and principles, as our fore-bearers,—if not what the Scotch call "forebears."

The persons who came here in the early times were strenuous characters. They were robust in body, mind, and will. They were independent, individualistic;—making all the stronger substance when their differences are interfused, harmonized, polarized,—like chemical combinations, the result better perhaps for use than either of the simple elements by itself. The court records of this old county show some original notions of individual rights; some peculiar adjustments of the moral code adapted to unprecedented circumstances and untrammeled ideas of liberty. The courts appear to have had quite a conventional code. The kinds of crimes and misdemeanors were curious;—"Theeing and thouing of people."—"speaking discornfully of the Massachusetts Court":—"refusing to pay assessments for the support of

Harvard College," and things like that,—miniatures of the the minor Mosaic laws!

You citizens bear in mind that I absolved you from being all necessarily blood-relatives of these worthies of the court records; indeed, the character of some of the disorders implies that Cumberland was in the old time part of York. We don't know all our relatives. But anyway the people who have lived here have marked characters of strength. If there is anything conducive to this in environment, surely it must be abundant here, in a region so rich of earth and strong of sea, so healthful of atmosphere, so beautiful of aspect,—so favorable for life in its various experiences and demonstrations, as this old battle ground and garden of the heroic times.

We recognize with admiring respect these representative citizens here who bear the same names or heart's blood as those who so long ago repudiated the mastery of anybody or anything earthly over them. But others, too, who came in later, and we who are deemed worthy to come in today to share this service of honor,—we desire to offer our tribute of remembrance for the strong and brave who here took the initiative in making this a world for us; for we, too, claim to have part in this inheritance of brave beginnings.

The President:

"Will you now permit me to introduce one who holds a very large and very warm place in the hearts of boys, old and young, not only of Maine, but of all the States of America, President Tucker, of Grand Old Dartmouth."

President Tucker's Address.

President Tucker's address was as follows:

It is well for those of us who are guests of this ancient town to be reminded that something more than nature is included in its hospitality. Personally I am indebted for the introduction we are having today of this bit of local human life which has unmistakable quality and distinction about it. I am indebted for the change in the type of men which it gives us—a change from the type with which we are growing familiar to the point of weariness.

There are fashions in men as in everything else. We become as conventional in our estimates of our kind as in our estimates of things. Wendell Phillips used to say, you remember, that he made his lecture on the "Lost Arts" to take the conceit out of Yankees. The modern man who exploits nature, who does his work at a second remove from her with the thousand appliances which he puts into his hands, had his peer in the man who, long before his arrival, wrought his work at first hand with nature, sometimes with her, sometimes against her.

The scantier his equipment, the heavier the draft which he had to make upon himself, upon his courage, his patience, his invention, his faith. This habit of drawing on himself may have made him unsocial, and to our way of thinking sometimes unlovely, but he had the fibre out of which the web of civilization is woven. As some one has said about the Puritan, "We may laugh at him when he isn't round, but if we happen to stumble on him we instinctively take off our hats."

And on the other hand the claim of this old historic life is

REV. WILLIAM J. TUCKER, D. D.,
President of Dartmouth College.

that it had a background. Modern life has no perspective. It is all foreground. Everything is in plain sight. And in the absence of mystery we try to satisfy ourselves with bulk—with numbers, that is, and amounts; we live in the atmosphere of mathematics and mechanics. But in those days behind every new corner on their shores there was the mighty spirit of adventure or the mightier principles of political and religious freedom. Every settlement had its cause and reason in the great movements which were taking place over the seas. This little settlement of York was a pawn on the chessboard of old world politics. The game was played by wireless telegraphy. A word from the court at Versailles, and the Indians stole down from the north on this errand of death. It was one continual move and countermove between English and French, and it was the settler who marked the play in the fate of his wife and children. In fact, as our historians have found, the best place to study the old world politics of that time is here, not there. Quebec with its story of incessant intrigue or of open fight is the veriest bit of old world life on either continent.

I will add a word of more personal indebtedness to this occasion. One of the interesting things in my work is the constant mingling, as one sees it, of the currents of life from the old stock and the new in the process of the higher education. As might be expected the new is on the whole gaining upon the old. The physical vitality of the new peoples, and their willing sacrifice for social gains is telling in education. Indeed the result is at times so marked that I have been compelled to say that it is easier in the educational world to make blue blood out of red blood, than to make red blood out of blue blood. It is reassuring, therefore, to come into one of

the homes of the old stock, and to find that family life teems on strong and uninterrupted in its flow. I recognize the names of men from this town in my own college—there are doubtless others elsewhere—who have in them the blood of the men of the old time, whose deeds have brought us here today. It is reassuring, I say, to get away for a little from the ubiquitous self-made man among us into the presence of men whom the Lord is making according to the old formula —from generation to generation.

I acknowledge, Mr. President, from my point of observation the comforting and reassuring influence of this day's proceedings, and I express once more my indebtedness for the uncovering of the human side of this old town, which in its quality and tone matches so well its setting in sea and sky.

The President:

"We have the unexpected pleasure and the honor of the presence of one whom Maine has lost that the Empire State might gain, and one whom the whole country delights to honor, the Statesman, Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, whom I beg to introduce."

Mr. Reed's Remarks in Brief.

Mr. Reed said that by looking upon the programme, and finding his name not enrolled there, one might consider his presence an intrusion were it not for the fact that his ancestors came from York, although so far as he could learn they never occupied any high position of trust. In fact he had hard work to discover that they ever existed; and certainly they held no position of great emolument, judging from his financial condition when he arrived. He did not wish to,

HON. THOMAS BRACKETT REED.
New York City.

HON. THOMAS BRACKETT REED,
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but could not help thinking of this platform as a pulpit, for he was fain to draw a moral from the picture presented before him. He thought that with the high example set by their illustrious ancestors, the descendants of the settlers of York should so conduct themselves as to increase the nobility and civilization of the world in which they move.

The President:

"York has attracted to her borders those whom other less favored spots have failed to capture. We have made a most fortunate acquisition to our summer colony in the person and family of one of New York's most eminent counsellors. It gives me profound personal, as well as official pleasure, to introduce Francis Lynde Stetson, Esq., of New York."

MR. STETSON'S REMARKS.

Since Gorges, nine generations have stood upon the earth, but now and here we think only of such of them as have found their homes in York. How does this community differ from many others? In degree only and not at all in kind. It is a fair type of the settlements on this New England coast, and shares their characteristics.

A gentle tidal stream, not too long or wide for familiar use, with a sun-set glory of its own, slowly seeks the eastern ocean, from which it is almost shut away by a tongue of land rising abruptly at the channel's mouth. A few slight indentations of the shore, with two projecting points and a nubble and a cape. Some rocky cliffs, not over high or rugged, and three softly sloping beaches. Islands far out at sea to the south and east, with lights at night, and one low mountain inland at the northwest.

By these physical features you have long been identified, but only within the last quarter century have they allured from distant homes and former fields of pleasure the many strangers whose joy it is here to find their chosen rest and recreation. Clearly, then, upon this quarter millenial day you have gathered, not to dwell upon the charm of stream and shore and sea, but rather to commemorate the community which upon this rock bound coast for more than two hundred years has sustained life and faced death with cheerful fortitude. One leader you have had worthy to give distinction to the town which he honored for almost a century. David Sewall, like him from whom he took his name, was a man after God's own heart, and his people's prophet. It is, however, not any leader, but the people themselves to whose memory this day is piously devoted; not the great achievements of the few, but the common duties bravely endured and faithfully fulfilled by the many as part of the common lot. The short and simple annals of these plain lives may not each be told, but together they have made a community, which in all essentials has shown little change from year to year, and but slight variation from other towns upon this coast.

In these New England communities life has been so homogeneous as to seem to Matthew Arnold uninteresting, and to many monotonous. But that single tone ever has found its key in conscience, and has sought for harmony with the revealed will of God. From communities thus attuned to duty has come the calm resolution that captured the Philippines, and the passion for justice and liberty that will make it impossible to keep them captive.

Out of the present, as well as from the past, in the ful-

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, Esq.,
New York City.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, ESQ.,
New York City.

ness of time will develop the millennium of right that shall be the heritage alike of York, and of our beloved Union, which after all is only an aggregation of Yorks. The dawning of that millennium, though gradual as daybreak, is the confident belief of all Americans, except the very few whose instinct is despair. With them we will commiserate, but we will not sympathize. Not despondency but hope is justified by the record of our past progress, and by our present conditions. At your next great feast of commemoration the sons and daughters of York surely shall declare that here, and in New England, life is not only true, but that it is also interesting; and that your people are as generous as just."

The President:

"What can I say that you do not already know of the author, the poet, the citizen, the genial friend, the man and all that it implies and for which it stands. The possessor of these attributes, our honored friend, will speak to you, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page."

Thomas Nelson Page's Address.

The thoughts called up by such a celebration as this are curiously diverse. The outside is all joy; jollity; merry-making; pride in achievement; content with the present; hope and assurance for the future. And it may well be so. We are gathered here today to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Town of York —to celebrate more than this—for other places had a little the start of us. Roanoke Island, Jamestown, Henrico, Hampton, Plymouth, Salem, Kittery, Ipswich, and other places claim to have been settled before us. But so were

Messapotamia and Greenland. In colonization as in logic and in war, the thing is not merely to assume a position but to maintain it. Roanoke was destroyed by the Croatan Indians; Jamestown yielded to the deadly fever of the autumnal marshes; Plymouth was swallowed up by Massachusetts. And so passed one and another. But York's pre-eminence is based on her having survived all the chances and changes of the two centuries and a half that have rolled by since her people planted themselves on the fair slopes that stretched beside the Agamenticus and like their great elms struck their roots so deep and lastingly into the soil that they have never since been eradicated.

It is this that we have assembled to celebrate. You, the native-born people of York; you, the descendants of the settlers of York, and the rest of us who have come from other Yorks; but all with the blood and brawn and principles that made and have kept this York continuously for 250 years. The pride that we express today is in the fact that this town which the fathers and grandfathers of you citizens of York for six, seven, eight generations settled and kept settled against all the forces of Nature and of Time, is, perhaps, the oldest continuous chartered settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent. Exposed to rovers of the sea on one side; to the fierce savages of the forest on the other, your ancestors yet held their own with a grim resolution that should be your personal pride as it is the national pride of us who come from other sections of the country, and claim kindred with you—that kindred which children of one blood have who have played together, fought together, loved together, suffered together and hoped together. The rigors of winter, the niggard soil only inspired to greater effort and

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE,
Washington, D. C.

gave them a sterner resolution and a stouter fibre. Here was their home and here they lived from generation to generation preserving the courage, the independence, the virtue, and the civilization of the forefathers.

With the home and the town-hall, they were ready to meet all problems of government; with the meeting-house and the jail they could defy the devil and control his children.

They lived in a stern age and they met sternness with sternness, iron with iron. They feared God, but they feared no man, and history says the governors had rather a stormy time with them. If the governors were trying to get anything out of them which was not their due, history very likely tells the truth. They knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain. They did not live so much off to themselves that they did not keep pace with public affairs, and when the trouble came between the colonies and the mother country they took their part and sent a deputation to Boston to pledge their arms and their fortunes to the common cause. Nor was their offer an idle boast, for we are told that within twenty-four hours of the news of Lexington a company marched for Boston.

You may well be proud of their achievement, you who are descended from them. Coming as I do from an old house on the banks of another York River in another colony planted by the same people, I feel the thrill of pride in them as an integral part yet kindred with my own people; of that great race which established trial by jury; and the Writ of Habeas Corpus; who claimed the principle that government is based on the consent of the governed, proved the right of local self-government, and substituted for military tyranny representative government.

Your country has opened up as your fathers never dreamed of its being opened. You are within two hours of Boston, within seven hours of New York and within two days of New Orleans. Your climate which was once esteemed your greatest handicap has proved a golden dower; and people come from distant states to partake of its benefits, paying you a richer tribute than ever Rome levied on her barbarian tributaries.

I was sincerely pleased to be asked to speak here today, much more pleased doubtless than some of my hearers; but I cannot help that. My pleasure, apart from that natural pleasure that a man has in hearing himself talk, is based on the fact that it shows my interest in York—my virtue as a citizen of York, was understood. I did not know before that it was quite appreciated.

You may remember the story of the negro soldier who spent the day on top of San Juan Hill with a pick. "Umph!" he said as he drove his pick home, digging a trench, "I never did spec' de day to come when I'd love a pick." I never expected the day to come when I'd feel the deep affection that warms my heart for these Yankees up here.

Has it ever struck you how strong is the resemblance; how universal are their characteristics; how much alike they are? There are differences it is true; but they are mainly the difference between city breeding and country breeding—the racial characteristics are the same. All the rest is personal, a mere veneer.

The reason is that these people are all of the same race; all have the same history; all have the same traditions; all have the same virtues and the same failings; worship the same God; take pride in the same past; look forward with

hope to the same future and cherish the same aspirations for this world and the next.

But elsewhere in our country are large numbers of people of other races and with other traditions; people who have not the past that we have, but who, bred under tyranny, have suddenly found themselves in a liberty which they know not how to appreciate or to preserve. They have become a part of our body politic, but are alien as yet to its principles. They must either be absorbed into it or must be held aloof from it.

As our fathers had their problems to solve, their enemies to fight and conquer, their principles to establish and preserve, so have we ours.

It is said that Republican Government is on trial with us. If we fail, it is done, forever.

If history teaches any lesson it teaches that liberty, so slow a growth that it takes centuries to come into being; yet is so delicate a growth that it may be cut down almost in a night. We know that Eternal Vigilance is its price. It may exist in its externals even under a tyranny not less real than that of Rome, or Venice, or Mexico; but it can survive only with a people who love it above wealth or power or fame or life itself. None of us would be greatly surprised to find tyranny in the form of monarchy re-asserting itself in France. Many of us would be hardly surprised to find it reasserting itself in some of our sister Republics of South America, though it should keep its Republican name and form. But all of us would be amazed to awake and find it existing in our own land. This is ultimately because of the character of our people. We have come to consider liberty as much a part of our being as the air we breathe. Yet when we

reflect, it is only a little more than a hundred years since we were under the dominion of a King who would as gladly have reduced us to the condition of the Muscovites as Peter or Paul of Russia, and it is only two hundred years since we were the subjects of a King who sacrificed his kingdom to his idea of privilege.

It rests with you to preserve what your forefathers secured and handed down to you. It is on the sterling independence of our American people; on their love of liberty; their homely virtues that the hope of liberty and of virtue in the world rests.

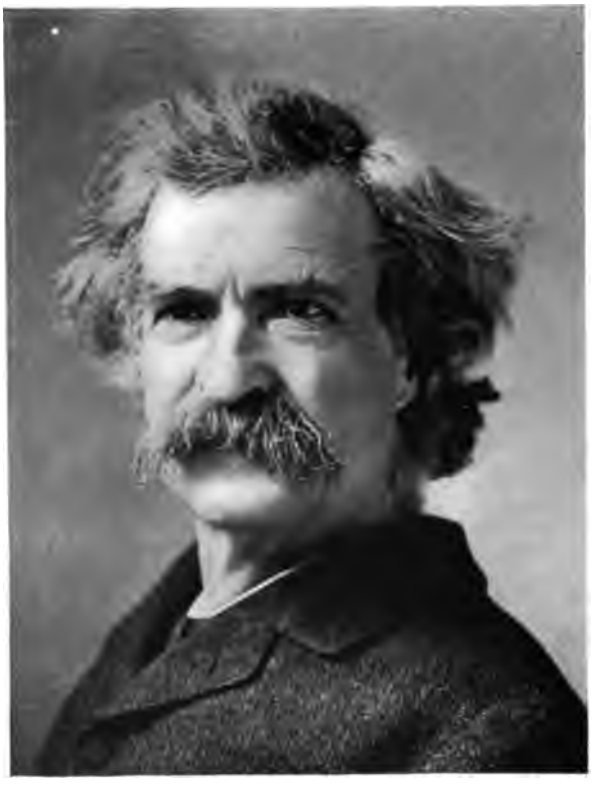
Wealth piles up in the central marts. The power of organization is so tremendous that it brings about vast aggregations of capital, till it is said that the inequality is such that one-third of one per cent. of the population own seventy per cent. of the entire property of the country in value; that is, assuming that three hundred men own $100, one of these owns $70, and the other two hundred and ninety-nine own together the other $30. This would matter little if with the wealth did not go hand in hand corruption—not mere personal corruption, for the corruption of one man counts for little, but corruption by organization, corruption of the fountain heads of legislation of justice.

With you rests the remedy—with you and your like the home-staying, sturdy, independent American people.

The President:

"It remains for one who has recently come to us in the flesh to round up this feast and to make smooth the rough places.

"If there is a human being in the civilized world, old enough to think, who has not heard of Mark Twain, I am



MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS [Mark Twain],
New York.

sorry for him. I desire publicly to welcome to York one who can tell us something of this distinguished writer and speaker, and at the same time to thank him for his kind co-operation and presence. I beg to introduce Mr. Samuel L. Clemens."

Remarks by Mr. Samuel L. Clemens.

Mr. Clemens began in a markedly characteristic vein to say that he had come to York to instruct it in its ancient history, to rectify the morals of its inhabitants and to otherwise do valuable things in the way of didactics. He found himself prevented from so doing by the example of another, and noted with surprise that Thomas B. Reed should mistake a desk for a pulpit, especially as the speaker was one who, in time gone by, had amazed the nations of the world, the human race, and, added Mr. Clemens, "even myself!"

He said a letter signed "One of the Victims" had just been handed him from the audience and contained several compliments, things which he never overlooked; and would the writer please rise? The letter stated that there had never been any but the best weather until he had come to York, and seemed to place the blame entirely on him, demanding that he either apologize or go away. The first, he might do, but the alternative he would meet with a flat refusal. In thirty-seven days he had had no fault to find with the weather as he had stayed strictly at home, and the rain seemed to come only when it thought it could catch one out. For thirty-four of the thirty-seven days he had worked and that was something he never before had been able to do. The climate, he thought, prevented moral deterioration, for he had worked four Sundays without breaking the Sabbath.

The author then said he was a little deaf, but not so much so as to miss the many compliments which had preceded, and not so blind as not to see that they all referred to him. When Ex-Gov. Chamberlain referred to "the intellectually brilliant," the speaker had noticed that he had looked straight at him. To some this would be embarrassing, but where deserved it was not so at all.

One of the most serious questions with which he had to contend in York was matches. If he wished to smoke it was next to impossible to get a light. He could buy only a sort of match with a picture of the inventor on each box and labelled "Safety." He felt free to say that they are so safe one cannot light them. Even Satan, the inventor and a distant relative of his, can't use them for he has no appliances to make them go, and is utilizing them to build cold storage vaults for such choice morsels as Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander VI; and, added the speaker, "he has a wistful eye on some other notables not yet started, and here present."

Another serious question for Mr. Clemens was the confusion of post offices in this town—York Cliffs, York Beach, York Harbor, York Village, York Corner, and so on. In fact, one cannot throw a brickbat across a thirty-seven acre lot without danger of disabling a postmaster; they are as thick as aldermen in the days of the old city charter.

If he stayed here he expected to attend York's tri-centennial in fifty years, for already he had grown younger by many years than he was on his arrival.

After the singing of America by the entire assembly standing, the Reverend Sidney K. Perkins, pastor of the First Parish Church, pronounced the benediction.

STAIRWAY, COVENTRY HALL.

Reception.

At the reception given at the close of the public exercises to the visiting members of the Maine Historical Society at Coventry Hall, the old "Judge Sewall Mansion," there were present, among others, Mr. James P. Baxter, Mr. Percy P. Baxter, Miss Emily Baxter, Miss Madeline Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bryant, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Burrage, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buffum of North Berwick, Mr. Edward A. Butler of Rockland, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, Mr. Henry Deering, Mr. Nathan Goold, Mr. Isaac M. Emery of Kennebunkport, Mrs. Harmon, Miss J. Crie, Miss Helen M. Howarth, Miss Frances Howarth, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Moulton, Mr. Augustus F. Moulton, Mr. A. R. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Talbot of Lewiston, Mr. Richmond of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Frederick S. Vaill, Mr. Joseph Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Weeks, Miss Weeks, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. M. Willis, the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Francis Lynde Stetson, Esq., and Mrs. Stetson, Mr. William Dean Howells, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett and Miss Jewett, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and Mrs. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Smith, Mrs. Hungerford, Miss Louise Smith, Mr. Frank D. Marshall, the Hon. Edward O. Emerson and Mrs. Emerson, Miss Constance Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cheney, Mrs. Thatcher Loring, Mrs. James T. Davidson, Mrs. Newton Perkins, Mrs. Charles C. Barrell and the Misses Barrell, Mr. John E. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. John Burleigh, Mrs. Matilda Burleigh, Miss Ellen M. Dennett, Mr. Josiah Chase, Mrs. Emma Paul, Miss Florence Paul and Miss Gertrude Paul, Miss Maud Gelchrist Sewall, Miss Rachel Kenyon Sewall and Miss Elizabeth Trufant Sewall.

The Churches and Ministers of the Town of York.

A Paper Read at the Commemorative Service in the Parish Church, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 3, 1902, by the

Rev. SIDNEY K. PERKINS, Pastor.

This sketch of the history of the churches and ministers of York as it relates to the First Church and its true child, the Second Church, in the Scotland or Upper Parish, is already familiar to many present, so that for such hearers there is nothing new to be said; but for those who are strangers to our history there may be special interest in the "twice told tale."

That the early history of the First Church and Parish of York was of unusual interest is indicated by the traditions that have come down to us from the days when York was the leading town in the "Province of Maine." The ecclesiastical history begins at a somewhat later date than the story of the town. But an old record says that "The people of this town were probably supplied with preaching from the earliest settlement of the place. It cannot be supposed that a people who had been always accustomed to religious privileges, and some of whom had left their native land for conscience's sake, would be long without the stated administration of the Word of God, and the ordinances of the gospel."

It was probably the intention of Gorges and his associates to establish the Church of England here, for, in the words of

REV. SIDNEY K. PERKINS,
Pastor of First Parish Church, York.

the charter given by the King, it was declared that "Our will and pleasure is that the religion now professed in the Church of England and ecclesiastical government now used in the same, shall be ever hereafter professed, and with as much convenient speed as may be, settled and established in and throughout the province." But no Episcopal church appears to have been established in York, although some of its clergy are mentioned as having officiated here. The first minister known to have been resident here was Rev. Shubael Dummer, an ancestor of one now on this platform (Rev. Frank Sewall, D. D.). Mr. Dummer was a native of Newbury, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard.

He was ordained to the ministry in this town. He performed the unusual service of preaching his own ordination sermon from the text, Psalm 80: 14: "Return, O Lord, and visit this vine." It is naturally inferred that, according to the general custom, the organization of the church preceded the ordination of the pastor; so that this church, notwithstanding the loss of the early records, reasonably assumes its organization to have been not later than 1673, thus making it the oldest ecclesiastical organization in the State of Maine.

Rev. Mr. Dummer is described as "a very serious, godly man," and he continued his service as minister to the people of York until that sad morning, January 25, 1692, when the settlement was surprised by hostile Indians, some fifty of the inhabitants killed, and one hundred carried into captivity, among the latter, the wife of Mr. Dummer. The minister himself was shot and killed just as he was mounting his horse near his house, which, tradition says, was near the "roaring rock."

After the tragic death of the first minister, for a period of

five years there was "little or no preaching in York." The people were disheartened, and reduced in numbers and resources in consequence of the Indian invasion.

In writing of this period, Rev. Rufus M. Sawyer, a former pastor of this church, says that "The restraints of religion were very much removed, and levity and wickedness rapidly spread.

"A few, indeed, refined in the furnace of affliction, walked near God; while the majority, forgetting the faithful instructions of their deceased pastor, treated religion lightly, and lived as though they were made for no higher purpose than to eat, drink, and be merry."

It was at this time that a young man appeared on the scene, who was destined to spend a long life in York, and to wield an influence never to be forgotten.

This young man was Samuel Moody, also a native of Newbury, Mass., like Mr. Dummer, his predecessor; and like him also, a graduate of Harvard College.

Samuel Moody was only twenty-three years old when he came to preach as a candidate to the people of York in May, 1698—and it was two years later before he was ordained as pastor. Young Moody came here in a true missionary spirit, recognizing the poverty of his new parish. He settled without a stipulated salary, disposed to live a life of faith in God, and in his parishoners. Yet he did think it worth his while to appeal to the legislature of Massachusetts for assistance. This appeal was granted to the extent of twelve pound sterling, or sixty dollars of our money.

A rare combination of courage, faith, and love is implied in the willingness of this young minister, and his bride, Hannah Sewall, of Newbury, only daughter of John Sewall,

to settle in this frontier parish which from that time onward for nearly fifty years was never so free from peril of Indian attack that men dared to leave their arms behind them when they went to church.

The meeting-house first used stood below the dwelling of William Lunt and this side the residence of W. T. Keen.

Later, the second house was erected, and was the original building from which the house in which we are now assembled has been successively remodelled.

It was erected during the lifetime of Father Moody. A rare combination of qualities belonged to Samuel Moody, making him loved, respected and even feared by his people. Samuel Moody was distinguished for his unselfishness; his own interests seem to have been among the last things he ever considered.

Willing to live without a stipulated salary, he was equally willing to give away what he received to anybody whose need seemed greater. Many stories are told illustrating this feature of his character. His good wife seems to have appreciated her husband's virtues, or perhaps as she may have sometimes thought to herself, his failings, for it is said that on one occasion she took pains, when Mr. Moody was about leaving home for a journey, to tie his his purse securely in his handkerchief, tying several hard knots, so that the good man might have time to think while untying them. But the outcome was disappointing to Mrs. Moody, for finding the knots hard, the husband lost his patience, and bestowed handkerchief, purse, and all upon a poor beggar, saying, "The Lord must have meant that you should have it all."

On another occasion the good minister saw two geese flying overhead, and the larder being low, he told the Lord that if

He would give him both geese he would give the best one to a poor neighbor. Both birds came down, one was fat, the other lean, but true to his word, in spite of his thrifty wife's remonstrance, he sent the fat goose straightway to his poor neighbor.

At still another time, a cold frosty morning, a poor woman appeared at the door barefooted, and begged for shoes. Mr. Moody promptly gave her a pair belonging to his wife, which proved to be the only pair she had. When the good lady became aware of her loss, the husband sought to appease her wrath by saying that the Lord would send another pair before night. And as though to justify the simple faith of the good man, in the course of the forenoon a neighbor came in bringing a pair of shoes which he explained were too small for his wife, and perhaps they would be acceptable to Mrs. Moody, whose feet they fitted. These stories, and many like them, illustrate the freedom from worldly care which characterized this good man.

The parishioners were not insensible to the self-denials of their pastor. They built him a house and hired a man to manage the farm. At one time it is said that a negro was purchased by the parish to do this work. But for only a brief period did the First Parish of York appear in the role of slaveholder.

Father Moody appreciated the thoughtfulness of his parishioners but he steadily repelled any suggestions looking toward the payment of a regular salary. In one of his sermons he said that for twenty years he had been supported in a way most pleasing to him, and had been under no need of spending one hour in the week in care for the world.

When he became an old man, an article was inserted in a

warrant for parish meeting "to see if the parish would settle a salary upon Mr. Moody." Whereupon he attended the meeting, and opposed the article when it was brought up.

His friends told him that he was now an old man, and received only a poor support, and what little he did get came from his best friends, and that it operated very unequally in the parish. To all this Father Moody replied, "Who are my best friends?" And not waiting for an answer he named a number of persons, saying, "Are not these my best friends?" It was assented to. "Well, are not these the best livers in town?" They were certainly well off, and he replied, "Yea, and they always will be so while they lay themselves out for the support of the gospel."

It is a disappointment that no picture of Mr. Moody exists, and that there is not even a description of his personal appearance. In the current number of the New England magazine—in an article on York—there is a silhouette of Hannah Sewall, the first wife of Rev. Samuel Moody, but I have seen nothing of the kind relating to Mr. Moody. Yet we have such a clear portrait of the mental, moral, and spiritual qualities of Samuel Moody that we can well spare the physical likeness, and feel that we know the real man.

That he was capable of preaching a strong discourse, like many another "Colonial parson," is evident from a printed sermon still extant. The subject is suggestive, being, "The Doleful State of the Damned—Especially Such as go to Hell from Under the Gospel."

Such sermons from Mr. Moody bear witness to his stern sense of duty. But this stern sense of duty was coupled, as we have seen, with the utmost human charity and love for his fellow men.

He was in practical relations a bold and fearless preacher.

At one time when a wealthy parishioner had held on to his large stock of corn in a time of great scarcity, in hopes of raising the price, Mr. Moody preached from these words: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him, but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." While the pastor was preaching this sermon, the offending parishioner faced him with a look of stolid indifference. Mr. Moody grew warmer, as he went on with his discourse, until finally he lost all patience, and calling his parishioner by name he cried, "Colonel I——, Colonel I——, you know I *mean you*. Why don't you hang your head?"

Another day the same parishioner's wife came sweeping into the church in a new hooped dress, then very fashionable, and Mr. Moody cried from the pulpit: "Here she comes—here she comes—gallant and top-gallant, rigged most beautifully, and sailing most majestically, but she has a leak, that will sink her to hell." Yet in the face of such direct attack he was not asked to read his resignation.

Ministers and people were very forbearing toward each other in those days.

Father Moody's style of preaching, as evident from such anecdotes as those just mentioned, was very direct and in marked contrast to the carefully written discourses of his son-in-law, Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Malden, Mass., who, by the way, was the ancestor of the Emersons of York. The people of York had a great admiration for Mr. Emerson's sermons. This was known to Father Moody and he thought he would imitate Mr. Emerson's method.

One trial was sufficient for Mr. Moody. Before he had proceeded far in reading his sermon he stopped, and looked

around upon his hearers, and said: "Emerson must be Emerson and Moody must be Moody—I feel as if my head was in a bag. You call Moody a rambling preacher, and it is true enough, but he is just fit to catch up rambling sinners. You are all run away from the Lord." And then he proceeded in his accustomed way of preaching.

But in spite of such eccentricities—and perhaps in part because of them and because of his rugged strength—Mr. Moody had a wide fame. He was always a welcome preacher in Boston.

In Providence, also, he was instrumental in forming the First Congregational Church, and the people there wanted him to become their pastor, but York could not spare him. Father Moody was a friend of Whitefield and gladly welcomed the great preacher when he came to York. Mr. Moody's gift in prayer was regarded as remarkable.

It was believed that one of his prayers was instrumental in obtaining the destruction of the French fleet in 1746.

Colonel Dummer Sewall, of Bath, but a native of York, said of this prayer: "Yes—I recollect it—though I was quite young. I remember the consternation that was depicted on almost every countenance. But we had recourse to prayer. The Church in York appointed a day for the purpose. On that occasion Father Moody, in praying against the fleet, brought to view the expression made use of in the Scriptures with regard to Sennacherib, "Put a hook in his nose, and a bridle in his lips, turn him back again by the way that he came, that he shall not shoot an arrow here, nor cast up a bank, but by the way that he came, cause him to return." By and by the old gentleman waxed warm and raised his hands and voice and cried out—"Good Lord, if there is no

other way of defeating their enterprise, send a storm upon them, and sink them in the deep."

It was afterward discovered that not far from the time of this prayer a tremendous storm burst upon the enemy's fleet and occasioned its destruction.

Father Moody was of heroic mould, and when seventy years old, only two years before his death, he went with the American army as chaplain in the Cape Breton expedition that resulted in the capture of Louisburg from the French. After the capture of the place, Sir William Pepperrell gave a dinner, and Father Moody was invited to return thanks, although many were afraid that he would consume too much time in asking the blessing, so that the dinner would get cold, and the British officers invited become offended.

But to the surprise and delight of all, Father Moody delivered himself of this brief and appropriate grace, "O Lord, we have so many things to thank thee for that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for Christ's sake, Amen."

The old minister returned in health from this expedition, and resumed his labors with his people, but his work was nearly over, and two years later, in 1747, he fell asleep, while he rested in the arms of his son Joseph, the first minister of the second or "Scotland" parish.

I have given a great deal of time to the Rev. Samuel Moody, and I might easily have devoted all the time allowed me this evening to a sketch of him and his work, as there is more material concerning him than of any other man in the pastoral succession here. And the work accomplished by Father Moody deserves especial mention, because of its

achievements, and because of his own wide fame. Samuel Moody came to a weakened and discouraged settlement and to a feeble church. When he died he left a prosperous community and a church of over three hundred members, the largest then existing in Maine.

He saw powerful rivivals during his ministry, and he welcomed them. But he also recognized the fact that religion is more than an emotion, and he earnestly sought to develop strong Christian characters among his people. His success was great if we are to measure it simply by the change which transformed what has been described as a largely irreligious community into one where it was rare to find a family where prayer was not observed. The appreciation in which Rev. Samuel Moody was held is summed up in the well-known epitaph on his tombstone as he sleeps in "God's Acre" across the way: "Here lies the body of the Rev. Samuel Moody, A. M. The zealous, faithful, and successful pastor of the First Church of Christ, in York. Was born in Newbury, January 4th, 1675. Graduated 1697. Came hither May 16th, 1698. Ordained in December, 1700, and died here November 13th, 1747. For his further character, read the 2d Corinthians, 3rd chapter and first six verses." Before turning from the story of Mr. Moody it should be said that he was the ancestor of many who are still resident in York bearing the Moody name, and of many of other names; and also that he was the spiritual father of a much larger number.

The people of York seem to have been in no haste in securing the successor of Father Moody, for it was more than two years after his death when the Rev. Isaac Lyman was ordained as the third pastor of this church, Dec. 20, 1749.

Mr. Lyman was a young man, a native of Northampton, Mass., where the name of Lyman still continues to be one of the most honored. Isaac Lyman, unlike his two predecessors, was not a graduate of Harvard, but of Yale. His ministry here was a long and faithful one. For more than sixty years he was known as the pastor of this church, although during the last ten or twelve years of his life he had a colleague. He was evidently a man of very different type from his predecessor, Mr. Moody, but the record is that "Mr. Lyman ever sustained the character of a faithful minister of Christ." His labors were successful. It is recorded that in 1756 when he had been seven years pastor, the town was visited by a revival of religion.

"The great earthquake in November, 1755, was a means of awakening the attention of a great number. As the fruits of this revival about forty persons united with the church." It is also a matter of record that at the close of Mr. Lyman's long ministry, "he had the satisfaction of seeing his people united and profited by his labors." "They regarded him," it is said, "with the veneration of a beloved father," and when he had been gathered to his rest the Rev. Dr. Hemmenway, of Wells, preached his funeral sermon and paid a high tribute to his character. Rev. Mr. Lyman was the father of nine children.

An aged woman, still living in York, told me recently that she had a clear memory of Madame Lyman, who was living at an advanced age when this woman was a little schoolgirl.

Although Lyman, as a family name, has disappeared from York, the reverend pastor has many descendants here who bear other names.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is a great-grandson of Isaac Lyman.

The house until recently occupied by Miss Almira Allen, was built for Mr. Lyman.

The pastorate of Isaac Lyman was the longest ever known in York. Then followed the shorter pastorates; first, of his colleague and successor, Rev. Roswell Messinger, for nearly fifteen years. Moses Dow, fourteen years. During Mr. Dow's pastorate there was a division which resulted in the formation of the M. E. Church. Rev. Eber Carpenter followed Mr. Dow. His was a strong character, and he gained such a hold on the regard of many of the parishioners in his pastorate, five and a half years, that several children were named for him.

Mr. Carpenter married a Lyman, and his body lies in the Lyman lot in what is now known as the Grant farm. Rev. John Haven followed Mr. Carpenter with a pastorate of four years. His wife, dying here, was the first to be buried in what was then the "new" cemetery.

Then came Rev. John L. Ashby, and he remained here nearly eight years. Rev. William J. Newman succeeded Mr. Ashby, and died greatly beloved after a brief ministry of nine months. The Rev. John Smith, represented here tonight by his son, Mr. Walter M. Smith, and by two daughters, was settled over this church October 9, 1850, and dismissed at his own request, on account of the ill health of Mrs. Smith, March 20th, 1855. This was Rev. Mr. Smith's last settled pastorate. He is said to have excelled as a pastor, and his departure was regretted.

Rev. William A. Patten succeeded Mr. Smith with a three years' ministry. Mr. Patten's pastorate occurred at a stir-

ring period, just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Mr. Patten still abides in his native town of Kingston, N. H., in a vigorous and honored old age. Until quite recently it might have been said of him that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

After Mr. Patten came Rev. Rufus M. Sawyer, who is recorded as "stated supply" from October 1st, 1861, till midsummer, 1866. The name of Mr. Sawyer is a precious memory to many among us. His pastorate about covered the period of the Civil War, and there was no question of his patriotism. Neither was there any question of his devotion as a minister. A revival of religion, still remembered, some of whose fruits have been a blessing to the church ever since, distinguished his pastorate.

Rev. John Parsons succeeded Mr. Sawyer in a brief pastorate of two years and a half. On September 28th, 1870, Rev. Benjamin W. Pond was installed pastor, serving the church from May, 1870, until September, 1873.

Rev. David B. Sewall followed Mr. Pond in a pastorate of fourteen and a half years. Mr. Sewall, in his honored and useful old age, is always a most welcome visitor in his former parish.

The successors of Mr. Sewall in the pastorate have been the Rev. Geo. M. Woodwell and the Rev. Melvin J. Allen, prior to the coming of the present pastor. The pastorates of both Mr. Woodwell and Mr. Allen have been so recent that they need no words of mine to describe them to their friends and late parishioners.

It was the early practice of the church to ordain elders, but I have seen no list of names. Many names have been honored among the clerks and deacons and other officers

connected with the church and parish. Comparisons among these names would be indeed invidious, and the fear of omitting some deservedly cherished restrains me from mentioning any. It should be remembered that imperfect or missing records prevent the making of the complete history or even sketch that we would like to give.

The history of the First Church and Parish of York is one well worth a better treatment than I have been able to give to it in the brief time allowed for preparation. But the town of York has been a better and happier town because of the true and noble lives that have been nurtured under the influences in its First Church of Christ. It is fitting that I add a few words in regard to the Second or "Scotland" Church in the "Upper Parish." This parish was formed in 1732, when the first minister, Rev. Joseph Moody, was ordained. I said at the beginning of this address that the Second Church was the true child of the First Church. The relationship was certainly very close, for the first membership was composed of those who had been parishioners of this church.

The first pastor, too, was the gifted son of Father Moody. Bright, indeed, must have seemed the prospects of the new church and the newly ordained pastor. None could foresee that after a period of about six years the brilliant mind of the minister would ever afterward be clouded, but so it came to pass that Rev. Joseph Moody came to be locally known as "Handkerchief Moody," and more widely as Hawthorne's "Veiled Parson." This man in spite of his mental infirmity was like his father, remarkably gifted in prayer. His famous long prayer in the First Church while his father was absent on the Louisburg campaign was found to have been coinci-

dent with the battle. And was it an accident that in the midst of that long petition Joseph Moody's entreaties were turned to thanksgiving as though he saw the victory achieved?

The "Scotland" Church has had a long and useful history. Good men have occupied its pulpit—no less than fourteen pastors—and three others enrolled as "supplies" having served there. The name best known after that of Moody is Lankton. Father Lankton's memory is cherished by many who are his descendants living in this town and its vicinity. But it is because there has been a true "apostolic succession" in the ministry of these two historic churches that they still live and seek to glorify the name of Him who is their Lord and Master.

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